man on Saturday, and will prey on us no more. We warn the good people of that place to forego the use of the weed while he sojourns among them.

The Bones of a Giant.

From the Boston Herald.

NOGALES, ARI., Dec. 6.—Yesterday, as some Mexicans were digging a grave at the cemetery half a mile north of this town, the skeleton of a human giant was uncovered at a depth of two and one-half feet. The skull was accidentally split into two pieces by a blow from a pick. In size it is double that of an ordinary skull and the upper teeth are veritable tusks, ranging from three to three and one-half inches in length. The rapidly receding forehead so noticeable among the aborigines is not a characteristic of the exhumed skull. A broad and not over-projecting forehead strengthens the belief that this was one of the prehistoric men whose monuments of industry still adorn the plains and valleys of Arizona. While many of the bones turned to dust as soon as they were exposed to the air, the ones connecting the elbow and the shoulder were intact. They are monstrous in length and thickness. Careful measurements of the skeleton place its height at 8 feet 4½ inches. The preservation of the skeleton for centuries may seem remarkable to some who are not acquainted with the formation of the cemetery grounds. At the time when the body was deposited there the soil was clay, but not of sufficient strength in itself to form the concrete now present there. It was only by the admixture of extraneous substances, such as lime wash and pebbles, that it became hardened. As this matter was only deposited in the rainy season, centuries have, without doubt, come and gone since the mammoth body was placed to rest there in the sleep of death. The bones of the giant were reinterred in the concrete soil, where they have been resting from a time beyond the memory of man. The skeleton will be again exhumed and sent to a museum in some city.

The morning news 14-12-1887

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be found and that he may be able to realize on his legacy.

The black sand excitement in Phenix having collapsed after only a few hours' duration, the Herald man now says "that a farmer near that place recently discovered a curious relic at his ranch while digging a well. At about nine feet below the surface he came upon the skeleton of a man the bones of which, however, fell to pieces when he attempted to move them. He has no doubt that this prehistoric citizen was a giant, as the thigh bones were nearly four feet long and the feet were more extensive than those of the proverbial Chicago girl. Under the body was a large and heavy war club." Those Phenix papers are determined to have a boom of some kind.

Arizona weekly journal-miner (Phoenix) - 18-5-1887

only specimen of diamond crystal in the world.—N. Y. Sun.

A Prehistoric Citizen.

A curious relic was discovered a few days ago near Phœnix, A. T., by a farmer while digging a well on his ranch. At about nine feet below the surface he came upon the skeleton of a man, the bones of which, however, fell to pieces when he attempted to move them. He has no doubt that this prehistoric citizen was a giant, as the thigh bones were nearly four feet long and the feet were more extensive than those of the proverbial St. Louis girl. Under the body was a large and heavy war club, made from mesquete or iron wood, and this was in a state of perfect preservation. It is now on exhibition.—Chicago Times.

The clarion (Phoenix) 1-6-1887

DAILY RECORD-UNION

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QUITE CURED.

Major Henderson was the most obstinate man imaginable. For a whole hour Lieutenant Mapleson tried to convince him that it was the hand and heart of Maude Henderson for which he was pleading, her comfortable little fortune being a matter about which he was supremely indifferent. At the expiration of the hour Major Henderson's decision remained unchanged.

"Save a thousand pounds as a proof of your attachment to my niece, and I will give my consent to your marriage with her. Under no other circumstances will I do so." This was the extent to which the Major would commit himself.

Save a thousand pounds, indeed? Why, a million would be equally possible to a man of refined tastes with but a paltry two hundred a year or so besides his pay.

Maude waylaid her lover outside the library door. Very pretty she looked as she listened to dear Jack's angry protestations, her cheeks flushed, and her brown eyes filled with tears.

"You will be true to me, my darling?" pleaded the impecunious Lieutenant, as his arms stole around her waist and his tawny mustache pressed her rosy lips.

True to him? Indeed and indeed she would be.

"You know, dearest, you will be 21 in a fortnight's time and your own mistress. My sweet one will fly with her poor loving Jack; won't she?"

"Yes"—rather dubiously. It was hard to put aside the prospect of being followed to the altar by a bevy of daintily arrayed bridesmaids, although she was so deeply in love.

True, she would soon be of age, and consequently her own mistress, but what would that fact avail her if she were miles away from her lover? And such indeed seemed likely to be the case, for her uncle carried her off to a small village in North Wales the day after Lieutenant Mapleson had been told of his fate. Of course she left a note behind for "dearest Jack," telling him the name of the village to which they were going and earnestly begging him to do "something," although she could think of nothing practical to suggest.

On the morning of her twenty-first birthday Maude came down to breakfast looking fresh, and even a little happy. She had honestly tried to be miserable for a whole fortnight, and had succeeded for two days. With youth and health on one side, it is almost impossible to be thoroughly out of spirits for any length of time, however much one may be experiencing the truth of the proverb about "true love," etc.

The landlady's bright-looking daughter brought in the coffee and rolls. "Mrs. Evans, opposite, has let her front rooms, Miss," she volunteered. "A gentleman all by himself came and took them last night."

A gentleman, and alone! Maude's spirits rose. "Did you happen to hear Mrs. Evans say what her new lodger is like? I suppose," added naughty, deceitful Maude, "he is an elderly gentleman?"

"Yes, Miss, quite. He's a bit lame, walks with a stick, and has a long gray beard. His name's Mr. Browne."

Maude's spirits fell again. At breakfast, however, she mentioned the new arrival to her uncle.

Major Henderson was beginning to find North Wales a little dull, so he listened rather readily, thinking that there might perhaps be a prospect of having some one with whom to smoke a friendly pipe.

In the course of the morning, when the uncle and niece were sitting in one of the many beautiful glens in which the neighborhood abounds, Maude saw a bent figure approaching, walking with a stick.

"I think, uncle, that must be Mr. Browne, Mrs. Evans' new lodger," she said.

Her uncle looked up from his book. "Out of health, I should say," was Major Henderson's comment. "He doesn't look old enough to be so infirm."

When the stranger came up to them he paused, and inquired the way to the Swallow Falls.

Maude started. That voice! Her uncle, however, merely made a courteous reply. Evidently his suspicions were not aroused.

"Excuse me," continued the stranger, "but have I not the pleasure of addressing one who is a neighbor for the time being? I fancied I saw you come out of Honeysuckle cottage this morning with your daughter."

"Yes, sir, your are right—at least my niece and I are staying opposite to you."

"Your neice?" and the stranger politely raised his hat as he glanced at Maude. "May I inquire if you have been making a long stay in the neighborhood? It is the first time I have visited North Wales, and I should be glad to know of the principal spots of interest in the immediate vicinity. My health is so shattered that I cannot undertake long excursions."

"This is the commencement of our third week," replied the Major. "Like yourself, we have chosen rather to enjoy the scenery within walking distance in preference to traveling about by rail or coach. My niece has been a little upset lately, so we came here to recruit her health."

Maude flushed up indignantly. To speak of the cruel blow which had been dealt her as if it were a mere nothing!

"The young laday is looking so fresh and charming that I think she must be on the high road to recovery." This with a stiff old-fashioned bow to Maude. "I was about to say I trusted I might derive as much benefit from the change, only I fear that it is too much to expect. Age cannot hope to compete with youth."

"With your permission," suggested Major Henderson, "my niece and I will accompany you to the falls. They are within a quarter of an hour's walk from here; and I can give you a few hints about the nighborhood as we go along."

Mr. Browne would only be too pleased.

Maude walked on by her uncle's side experiencing a mixture of joy and alarm. She was so delighted to hear that dear voice again; so fearful lest her lover's stratagem should be discovered!

Mr. Browne noticed her agitation, and was careful to divert Major Henderson's attention from his niece, in case her confusion should betray the secret. The trio had to cross a stream by means of stepping stones. The stranger offered to assist Maude. Managing to keep his back to Major Henderson Mr. Browne, alias Lieutenant Mapleson, tenderly pressed Maude's yielding hand and with a world of expression in his blue eyes whispered: "Be careful, my darling, and all will be well with us."

The next morning Mr. Browne called on Major Henderson. "I have just received these, and I thought you would perhaps like to look at them," he said, producing a packet of periodicals.

Major Henderson was glad to avail himself of the offer, as current literature was rather difficult to procure in so out-of-the-way a place.

After a little further conversation Mr. Browne was asked if he would care to join the uncle and niece in their morning ramble. Again he would be only too pleased.

When the trio had gone some distance, Major Anderson, wishing to enjoy a quiet half-hour read, suggested that he should sit down and rest a little, while Maude conducted Mr. Browne to a spot close by whence a good view of Snowdon could be obtained.

"I would fain, like you, rest a while," replied Mr. Browne; "but as the day is so unusually clear I feel I must make an effort to take advantage of it, especially as this young lady has so kindly consented to act as my guide." And so Mr. Browne hobbled off, with Maude walking patiently beside him.

As soon as the trees had hidden the lovers from view Jack drew Maude to him, while she, half laughing and half crying, stroked his long gray beard.

"Oh, Jack, whatever made you come like this? What do you intend to do?"

"This, my sweetest;" and the bold lover drew from his pocket a marriage license and wedding ring. Half playfully the gallant Lieutenant removed Maude's glove and slipped on the ring. "What a dear little hand it looks!" he cried rapturously, "and how happy I shall be when I call its dear owner my sweet little wife."

A slight sound fell on their ears, and looking up they beheld Major Henderson not a hundred yards off.

Maude would have been grateful to the earth had it opened at that moment to receive her, but as it showed no signs of accommodating her, she disengaged herself from Mr. Browne's embrace and hastily handed him back his ring.

Mr. Browne was equal to the occasion, although he had grave misgivings, as he hobbled toward Major Henderson. "Were you hastening to join us? You see we haven't got far. I am a wretched walker at the best of times; and in such scenery as this, one feels forced to pause frequently to look around."

"I expected to meet you coming back," explained the Major. "But I was looking for you in that direction," indicating another path more to the right. "I was quite surprised when I saw you coming toward me."

With what feelings of relief did the lovers listen to the Major's innocent remarks.

At their early dinner the Major drew from his pocket a letter which he had received by the morning's post and had forgotten to read. With a polite "Excuse me, my dear," to his niece, he hastily glanced at the contents. "I must leave for London by the 11 o'clock train. This letter is of the utmost importance. How stupid of me to have delayed reading it!"

"Am I to accompany you, uncle?" asked Maude faintly.

"No, no, my dear; there's no need for you to do that. I shall be back here by the evening of the following day."

The Major was very preoccupied until dinner was over, but as Maude had also much food for reflection, silence was agreeable to both.

"I wonder if I could do anything for Mr. Browne while I am in town?" queried the Major. "My dear," turning to Maude, "just write a little note to him asking him to step over for a minute. You know we half promised to show him the way to Fairy Glen this afternoon. I don't feel inclined for any more walking myself; but there is no reason why you shouldn't accompany him, if you are not tired and he is agreeable to the arrangement."

Maude's note quickly brought Browne, and the lovers were soon on their way to Fairy Glen.

"My darling, we are in luck's way," exclaimed Jack. "Your uncle's absence will make matters as simple as an A B C guide. I shall have to-morrow to make the necessary arrangements. We can be married the following morning, and by the time your uncle returns in the evening we shall be miles away from here."

Maude acquiesced rather reluctantly. She loved Jack dearly; but still she had some compunction about deceiving her uncle, who, with the exception of the unaccountable obstinacy he had shown toward her lover, had always heen ready to humor her. Jack, however, drew such a glowing picture of the happiness in store for them, and declared with so much confidence Major Henderson's anger would not last more three weeks when once the irrevocable step was taken, that Maude was much comforted.

When they returned Major Henderson pressed Mr. Browne to spend the evening at Honeysuckle cottage. Tea being over, the Major asked Maude if she would mind packing his portmanteau for him.

"I have laid out the things I wish to take, my dear. You will fit them in more neatly than I could."

Maude was delighted to have an opportunity of doing at last a little kindly act.

Directly she left the room, the Major began fidgetting about, and at length got up and paced the room. Suddenly turning to Mr. Browne, he said: "Comparative stranger as you are to me, I feel as if I must tell you the nature of the business which is calling me to London so unexpectedly. The blow has fallen so unexpectedly that to speak of it would be an immense relief."

The stranger was all sympathetic attention in a moment.

"Mr. Browne," continued the Major, excitedly, "this time yesterday I believed that poor girl up stairs to be the mistress of a fairly large fortune. To-day—if the information I received this morning is correct—I know her to be penniless. And that is not all; the greater part, if not the whole, of my income is lost also."

So sympathetic was Mr. Browne that he begged to know all the details. These, however, the Major was unable to furnish; in fact, he could explain nothing satisfactorily, so great was the state of excitement into which he had worked himself.

"Hush!" he said, as he heard Maude approaching. "Not a word to her. I wouldn't disturb her peaceful mind for worlds, poor girl, until I am certain how the matter stands."

The next day, about an hour after her uncle had left for London, Maude received the following pencilled note from Browne:

My Own Darling: I am the most unlucky dog that ever lived! I passed a wretched night, and this morning I am too ill to leave my bed. To be disabled to-day, when I was to have arranged for the event that is to make me the happiest man in England. I have sent for the village "bones," and if he can but patch me up it may not yet be too late. Send a book back to account for having received a letter from your nearly frantic JACK.

Poor Maude! The torturing suspense of that day! In the evening she ventured to ask the landlady to inquire how Mr. Browne was. "No better," was the alarming reply.

Maude passed a sleepless night. In the morning she received a second note from her dear Jack, even more despairing in its tone than the former one. "Fate is against us," he wrote; "I feel as if I shall never be able to call you mine."

In the middle of the afternoon she again sent to inquire after her lover, and was overpowered when she heard he was much better, and was even thinking of getting up, his recovery being fair to be as sudden as his seizure.

That evening Major Henderson returned. He had hardly knocked at the door when Mr. Browne emerged from the opposite cottage.

"What news?" asked the sympathetic Mr. Browne.

"The worst possible," replied the Major, throwing himself into an easy chair and covering his face with his hands. "That poor girl yonder is a beggar, and I have but a hundred a year left."

Maude looked from one to the other in utter bewilderment, and then crossed over to her uncle, trying to comfort him and gain some explanation at the same time.

"I feel this is no scene for a stranger to witness," said Mr. Browne. "Sir, you have my deepest sympathy, and I am sure that the present moment I can show it in no better way than by withdrawing."

Maude followed her lover to the door. She was much distressed on her uncle's account, but did not fully realize her own loss of fortune.

"Are you really better, dear Jack?" she asked anxiously.

"Yes, thank you. Quite cured. Good-by," and he was gone.

That her lover's leave-taking was a little abrupt did strike Maude; she was, however, far too confused by the turn affairs had taken to attach much importance to the first circumstance.

When she returned to her uncle he seemed wonderfully better, and at supper he talked cheerfully of their future.

Maude passed another sleepless night. She did not so much mind the terrible loss she had sustained on her own account; but she was bitterly disappointed that she could not do all she had promised for her dear Jack. She determined, however, to be the most loving and economical wife possible. At all events her uncle would not be able to accuse Jack of being mercenary now, and there was much comfort in that reflection. Perhaps after all they would be able to have a proper wedding, only of course it would have to be a very quiet one. How much nicer that would be than running away and deceiving her uncle, who had always been so kind to her.

When she came down to breakfast the next morning she was looking pale and a little worn after her two sleepless nights. The Major, however, seemed to have succeeded in throwing off his grief in quite a wonderful manner, and was in almost his usual spirits.

"Have you heard how Mr. Browne is this morning?" Maude ventured to ask the landlady's daughter.

"Why, Miss, he paid up for the week and went off by the mail train last night, declaring he was sure the place didn't suit him."

Poor Maude! The blow did indeed fall on her with crushing force.

"Dear me, rather sudden! We shall miss the old gentleman—eh, Miss Maude!" said the Major, as soon as the uncle and neice were left together. He laid a slight stress on the adjective, and there was a suspicion of fun in his eyes. It was, however, no laughing matter to Maude; she, poor girl, unable longer to act her part, burst into an uncontrollable fit of weeping.

"Poor child! poor child!" said the Major, compassionately; "it's a sharp lesson for you to learn. But it is better to bear a little pain now than to suffer for the remainder of your life, as would most probably have been your fate if I had not paid that scoundrel out in his own coin."

The threatened loss of fortune was all a fabrication, Major Henderson having gone no nearer to London than the top room in Honeysuckle cottage.

The truth was the Major had discovered what was going on when he came upon the lovers so unexpectedly. He then devised the scheme, which he afterwards carried out so successfully, in order to test the sincerity of Lieutenant Mapleson's attachment to Maude. Major Henderson had, of course, been obliged to take the landlady into his confidence, and she, fully entering into the spirit of the thing, had suggested the Majors's occupying the top room in her cottage, whence he could watch Mr. Browne's movements. And so Major Henderson had merely walked to the station, portmanteau in hand, and returning had entered Honeysuckle cottage by the back way.

Maude's grief and humiliation were so real when she heard these details that her uncle, thinking she would not care to remain where her story was known, wisely suggested returning home the following day.

"We can give a garden party or something of that kind in honor of your twenty-first birthday. It will be a few days after the event, but that won't matter. I would give a good deal to see that young fortune-hunter's face when he finds out how he has been duped. There's no fear of his tittle-tattling about it, though, for his own sake, so the story won't get all over the town. I suppose, my dear," added Major Henderson, rather anxiously, "you'll never let him again find the way to your kind little heart with his honeyed words?"

Maude drew herself up to her full hight. "No, indeed, uncle, that I never will. To use his own words, I am quite cured."

Before the year was out another suitor asked for Maude's hand, and on this occasion the anxious pleader did not have any cause to complain of Major Henderson's obstinacy.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Reconstructing a Shark.

When the famous phosphate beds were discovered in South Carolina some years ago, vast numbers of bones and teeth were unearth, showing that in early times this locality had been peopled by a great concourse of strange forms. Among the most abundant curiosities, as the workmen termed them, were quantities of enormous teeth, trianguar in shape and serrated on the cutting edge. When shown to a naturalist they were immediately recognized as shark teeth, and it became evident that at one time the locality in the vicinity of Charleston was the bed of an ocean, and that gigantic sharks flourished there in great numbers. Whenever the beds of the Ashley and Cooper rivers are dredged today numbers of these teeth are brought up, and one in my collection is nearly if not quite as large as my hand. As the bones of the shark are of cartilage, they have long since been destroyed, and only these beautifully-polished teeth—for they are as fresh and glistening as when first discovered—are left to tell the story. It would appear to be an impossible task to restore this giant from a single tooth. But it is not so difficult as one might imagine. For the shape of the tooth of the great Carcharodon we can form some idea of its appearance by comparing it with existing sharks, and from its size we can determine how large it was. One day I attempted a rough restoration to gain some idea of the dimensions of the giant. I had in my possession the jaw of a shark which I had caught in the Gulf of Mexico, which would at the time pass readily over my shoulders. The shark was about thirteen feet long, and the teeth about an inch and two-eighths wide, and an inch and a half in length. There were eight rows of these, each row being a little smaller than the last, until they dwindled down to mere points. I took as many of the fossil teeth as I had, and built up a jaw after the existing model, using teeth were I had them and leaving space where I did not. Gradually the great mouth grew on the floor until I found myself a small item in the area, and when completed I found that the largest fossil shark could have opened its mouth and allowed me to drive in a top-buggy, and that its length could not have been less in proportion than one hundred and twenty-five feet.—*C. F. Holder, in November Wide Awake.*

DOES A HEN SET OR SIT ON A NEST?—A man, or a woman either, can set a hen, although they cannot sit her; neither can they set on her, although the hen might sit on them by the hour if they would allow it. A man cannot set on a washbench, but he could set the basin on it, and neither the basin nor the grammarian would object. He could sit on the dog's tail if the dog were willing, or he might set his foot on it. But if he should set on the aforesaid tail, or sit his foot there, the grammarian as well as the dog would howl. And yet, strange as it may seem, the man might set the tail aside and then sit down, and not be assailed by the dog or the grammarian.

BEING entirely vegetable, no particular care is required while using Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets." They operate without disturbance to the constitution, diet or occupation. For sick headache, constipation, impure blood, dizziness, sour eructations from the stomach, bad taste in mouth, bilious attacks, pain in region of kidneys, internal fever, bloated feeling about stomach, rush of blood to head, take Dr. Pierce's "Pellets." By druggists.

Professor Lodge's discovery of the remarkable effect of static electricity in freeing the air from dust and vapor has been utilized by J. G. Lorrain in the construction of an apparatus for dissipating the smoke produced by the discharge of cannon.

A SINGLE bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla will establish the merits of this medicine as a blood purifier. Many thousands of people are yearly cured of chronic diseases by the faithful use of this remedy. It is unequaled for the cure of scrofula.

LEATHER FROM HUMAN SKIN.

A Pennsylvania Tannery Where It is Prepared For the Shoemaker.

[Philadelphia News.]

I remember that two or three years ago I incidentally referred to a prominent physician of this city wearing shoes made from the skin of negroes. He still adheres to that custom, insisting that the tanned hide of an African makes the most enduring and the most pliable leather known to man.

Only last week I met him upon the street with a brand new pair of shoes. I looked at his footwear, as I always do—his pedal coverings have an irresistible fascination for me—and said with a smile: "Is the down-trodden African still beneath your feet?" In the most matter-of-fact way, and without the shadow of a smile, he answered, "I suppose you mean to inquire if I still wear shoes made of the skin of a negro. I certainly do, and I don't propose changing in that respect until I find a leather that is softer and will last longer and present a better appearance. I have no sentiment about this matter. Were I a Southerner—in the American sense of that work—I might be accused of being actuated by a race prejudice. But I am a foreigner by birth, although now an American citizen by naturalization. I fought in the rebellion that the blacks might be freed. I would use a white man's skin for the same purpose if it were sufficiently thick, and if any one has a desire to wear my epidermis upon his feet after I have drawn my last breath he has my ante-mortem permission."

The doctor's shoes always exhibit a peculiarly rich lustrousness in their blackness. He assures me that they never hurt his feet. The new pair he was using when I last saw him emitted no creaking sound, and appeared as comfortable as though they had been worn a month. Their predecessors, he told me, had been in constant use for eight months. He obtains the skin from the bodies of negroes which have been dissected in one of our big medical colleges. The best leather is obtained from the thighs. The soles are formed by placing several layers of leather together. The skin is prepared by a tanner at Womelsdorf, sixteen miles from Reading. The shoes are fashioned by a French shoemaker of this city, who knows nothing of the true character of the leather, but who often wonders at its exquisite smoothness, and says that it excels the finest French calfskins.

Do not think for a moment that this doctor presents an exceptional case of one who puts the human skin to a practical use. Medical students frequently display a great variety of articles in which the skin or bones of some dissected mortal have been gruesomely utilized, and in bursts of generosity they sometimes present these to their friends, who prize them highly. One of the dudest dudes in town carries a match safe covered with a portion of the skin of a beautiful young woman who was found drowned in the Delaware river. It still retains its natural color. Another young man with whom I am acquainted carries a cigar case made of negro skin, and a ghastly skull and cross-bones appearing on one side in relief. One of the best known surgeons in this country, who resides in this city, has a beautiful instrument case entirely covered with leather made from an African's skin. A young society lady of this city wears a beautiful pair of dark slippers, the remarkable lustrousness of whose leather invariably excites the admiration of her friends when they see them. The young doctor who presented them to her recently returned from an extended foreign tour, and he told her that he had purchased them from a Turk in Alexandria, and that he did not know what sort of leather they were made of, but he supposed it was the skin of some wild animal. As a matter of fact, the skin came from a negro cadaver which once was prone on a Jefferson College dissecting table, and the leather was prepared in Womelsdorf. The rosettes on the slippers were deftly fashioned from the negro's kinky hair.

Philosophy of Longevity.

There is much in modern life that tends to shorten existence and to diminish the probability that a man or woman will reach 90, to say nothing of a hundred. We lead more exciting and wearing lives. It is vain that a person has a splendid constitution to begin with, wears flannel, or the equivalent of flannel, next to his skin; dwells in a warm, dry house, and eats and drinks everything that is good and wholesome, if at the same time he habitually overtaxes his strength, looks upon his muscles as mere machinery to be driven at high pressure, and ruthlessly calls upon his nerves to squander their reserve power when every other source of energy is exhausted. Men or women who intend to be centenarians in these days must combine something of the old mode of life with something of the new mode of living. They must, while availing themselves of all the scientific discoveries and sanitary appliances of the age, imitate their grandsires in the steady and tranquil habits that prevailed before the invention of locomotives and the telegraph. They must have their eight hours of sleep regularly; they must have intervals of repose and vacancy in the daytime; they must spend a goodly portion of their waking hours in the open air. Nor will that suffice; there will have to be regularity in the hours of their meals, and discipline in the ordering of the dishes of which the meals are composed. We cannot believe that anybody will ever live to 100 who eats a heavy dinner every night of his life at 8 o'clock. Champagne in abundance, and Bordeaux or Burgundy *ad libitum*, should be forsworn by persons who deliberately set before them the attaining of the hundredth birthday. Neither, with such an end in view, would the active life of a politician, a lawyer, or a doctor be a sane enterprise. In order to reach that distant goal there must be a training, if not severe, at least regular and unflinching. Most of all, there must prevail in the existence of such a person a tranquil serenity, and unruffled calm. Neither generous passions nor enthusiastic ideals must be allowed admittance. The pulse must never be driven up beyond a certain point, either by work, by anxiety, by fear, or by hope. At the same time, mere stagnation will, in all probability, never enable a person to live to 100. There is such a thing as rusting out as well as wearing out. If a candle does not burn brightly enough, it does not consume the wax with rapidity, and goes out for want of adequate combustion. It is so, no doubt, with the human body and the human spirit.—*London Standard.*

The Ancient Crocodiles.

While Europe has produced some remarkable giants, America leads in this respect, and in early days was peopled by races so astonishing, that all the dragons and fanciful monsters which the vivid imaginations of the writers of old have pictured, fail to compare with the actual reality. In fact, if it were desired to-day to produce a book of wonders and marvels, describing the dragons and other terrifying creatures, it would be only necessary for the historian to refer to the geological discoveries of the last thirty years, and represent the animals just as they were. What was the dragon of St. George to certain huge bat-forms or the unicorn to the loxolophodon with its many horns? The roc of the "Arabian Nights" was not more wonderful than some of the fossil birds, and even the great cuttles, the Poulpes of the grave Bishop Poutoppidan, seem almosts equaled by the giant squids of to-day, some of which are fifty and sixty feet in length. In short, the imagination of man cannot picture wonders to compare with the actual creatures which have lived upon the globe.

In the geological hall of the Museum of Natural History, Central Park, there is upon one of the shelves an object about five feet and a half in length, extremely bulky, and weighing so many pounds that two men find it all they desire to carry. It is of a brown hue, and might be taken for the trunk of a fossil tree or part of a huge branch. At its side lies a small white bone, four or five inches long, with a label to the effect that it is the corresponding bone of a living crocodile. In fact, the great brown mass, as bulky as a large man stretched at full length, is the thigh or hip bone of an American giant, which in former years roamed the great cretaceous sea of the West. The largest crocodile of to-day is about twenty feet in length, and its thigh bone four or five inches. If the thigh bone of the Atlantosaurus, of which this is a part, be six feet long—and Professor Marsh has discovered one eight feet in length—how long must its possessor have been? This is an example in proportion, which will admit of widely different answers perhaps; but while my readers are guessing I will say that geologists believe these giants to have attained a length of from eighty to one hundred and twenty feet. While they have been likened to crocodiles they differ entirely from them in appearance, having long legs, an attenuated tail and neck and a small head; giants of wonderful structure living in the shallow water of the great seas of the time, floating perhaps, or anchored by their prodigious feet and tail.

These colossal saurians were a common feature of the life in the Jurassic days, when a vast sea covered Kansas and most of the Western States.—*C. F. Holder in Nov. Wide Awake.*

The Panama Canal Company Bankrupt.

The funds reported as available on the 30th of June, 1887, amounted to 143,233,428 francs. A new loan was offered on the 26th of July, of 500,000-franc-bonds. Of these bonds, offered at 440 francs, only 258,887 were taken. These added to the company's resources 113,910,280 francs, and swelled the indebtedness to 1,601,811,000 francs, and the yearly interest to 58,145,570 francs. The visible resources of the company are, therefore, barely sufficient for one year's expenses, taking the story as it is told by the *Bulletin*, with all its evident suppressions and glosses and mystifications. Allowing no more than their fair value to these, it is plain that the company is ruined. The concurrent testimony of disinterested scientific men, Europeans and Americans, is, that the mass of the excavation to be made is even now greater than the company's highest estimate for the entire work. It has cost, therefore, 1,600,000,000 francs to do nothing at all. If all this money had been furnished by M. de Lesseps and his friends, who could know what they were doing, it would have been mere waste to spend it on an enterprise conceived in vanity and prosecuted without seriousness and without intelligence; but we have all been told with wearisome iteration that the Panama canal was the work of poor proprietors, of people, that is to say, who had no money to lose. M. de Lesseps has used the magic of his name to beguile these simple-minded folk, and to wheedle them into risking the hard-earned savings which they kept—such was their knowledge of the world and of finance—laid away in a corner. It is they, and not he, who will suffer by the failure of the canal, for his cheerful spirit is not to be quelled by the misfortunes of others, nor even by the reflection that his place in the history of his time is already marked out by the side of that minister who, with a light heart, led his country into the most fatal of wars.—*Geo. C. Hurlbut in the Forum for November.*

DAYLIGHT.

If a gentleman by the name of Day volunteers to throw the light of his experience into the darkened places of misery, so that others may go and do as he has done and enjoy life, may it not be reasonably called daylight? As for instance, take the case of Captain Sargent S. Day, Gloucester, Mass., who writes April 16, 1881: "Some time ago I was suffering with rheumatism. I used a small portion of St. Jacobs Oil and was cured at once. I have used it for sprains and never once have known it to fail. I will never be without a bottle." Captain Day also received a circular letter, and in reply under date of July 1, 1887, he says: "I used the Oil as stated and was permanently cured of rheumatism by its use." During the intervening six years there had been no recurrence of the pain. Also a letter from Mr. H. M. Converse, of the Warren (Mass.) *Herald*, dated July 9, 1887, as follows: "In response to yours of June 22, would say that in 1880 my wife had a severe attack of rheumatism in shoulder and arm, so that she could not raise her hand to her head. A few applications of St. Jacobs Oil cured her permanently, and she has had no return of it." Another case is that of Mr. R. B. Kyle, Tower Hill, Appomattox county, Va., who writes, November, 1886: "Was afflicted for several years with rheumatism and grew worse all the time. Eminent physicians gave no relief; had spasms, and was not expected to live; was rubbed all over with St. Jacobs Oil. The first application relieved, the second removed the pain, continued use cured me; no relapse in five years, and do as much work as ever." These are proofs of the perfection of the remedy, and, taken in connection with the miracles performed in other cases, it has no equal.

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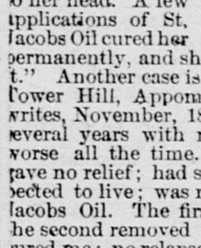

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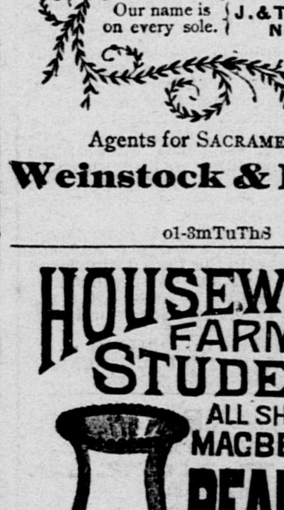

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JACKSON, Miss., April 29, 1887.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, Atlanta, Ga.:

Gentlemen—I have been an invalid pensioner for forty years, having contracted pulmonary and other diseases in the Mexican War, but not till the 1st of March, 1875, did I feel any symptoms of rheumatism. On that day I was suddenly stricken with that disease in both hips and ankles. For twenty days I walk on crutches. Then the pain was less violent, but it shifted from joint to joint. For weeks I would be totally disabled, either on one side of my body or the other. The pain never left me a moment for eleven years and seven months—that is from March 1, 1875, when I was first attacked, to October 1, 1886, when I was cured. During these eleven years of intense suffering I tried innumerable perscriptions from various physicians, and tried every thing suggested by friends, but if I ever received the least benefit from any medicine taken internally or externally, I am not aware of it. Finally, about the first of September, I made arrangements to go to the Hot Springs of Arkansas, having despaired of every other remedy, when I accidentally met an old acquaintance, Mr. King, now of the Lawrence House, of this city. He had once been a great sufferer from rheumatism, and, as I suppose, had been cured by a visit to Hot Springs. But when I met him, he told me his visit to the Hot Springs was in vain—he found no relief. On his return from Hot Springs he heard, for the first time, of the S. S. S. as a remedy for rheumatism. He tried it and six bottles made a complete cure. Several years have passed since, but he has had no return of the disease.

I immediately returned to try it. In September I took four bottles, and by the first of October I was well—as for as the rheumatism was concerned. All pain had disappeared, and I HAVE NOT FELT A TWINGE OF IT SINCE.

I have no interest in making this statement other than the hope that it may direct some other sufferer to a sure source of relief, and if it has this result I am well rewarded for my trouble. I am very respectfully and truly your friend. J. M. H. MARTIN.

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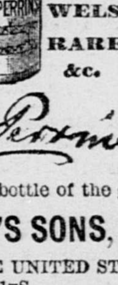

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—ESTATE OF WM. F. LYON, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, GEO. F. LYON, administrator of the Estate of WM. F. LYON, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary affidavits or vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to Geo. F. Lyon, said administrator, at the office of Ed. M. Martin, No. 603 I street, Sacramento city and county. California.

GEO. F. LYON, Administrator.
ED. M. MARTIN, Attorney for Petitioner.
Dated Sacramento, October 28, 1887. o29-5tS

SEMI-WEEKLY SOUTH KENTUCKIAN
TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1887.
CHAS. M. MEACHAM - - Editor.

Birmingham is to have a Y. M. C. A. hall, and $32,000 has been raised for this purpose by Sam Jones.

Louisville is now receiving consignments of "subjects" from St. Louis, the supply of that city having run short. The market price is $45.

The fellow that stole the pair of scissors from the Fulton Fultonian office, probably meant it for a hint to the editor to do a little more original work.

Mrs. Hancock, the widow of the General, has just moved into her new house in Washington, which was presented to her by the friends and admirers of her husband.

Cincinnati has had fair weather for her G. A. R. meeting. The estimated number in line Thursday was 5,000. The city was full of people, and was decorated for the occasion.

The people of New York city are considering the propriety of celebrating the centennial of the inauguration of Washington as the first President of the United States, which event occurred in that city on April 30, 1789.

The majority against the amendment to the Constitution prohibiting the manufacture or sale of spirituous vinous or malt liquors in the state of Tennessee, was 27,693, instead of 17,693, as was previously published, as the official vote shows.

George Dittoe thinks you can never see happier-looking creatures than about three neighbor young married women when they are starting out together to look at all the dry goods in town on a combined capital of enough money to pay their car fare?

The "White Caps" are still keeping up their work in Indiana. Their latest act was to take Jno. E. Funk and a man by the name of Bowers, from their homes and severely beat them for general worthlessness. Several of the whipping party were recognized, and the matter will be placed before the grand jury.

A piece is going the rounds of the press headed "How Much a Man Eats." Now this is a question that depends entirely upon the situation. Whenever a real hearty tramp, who hasn't had anything to eat for his usual two days, strikes a table, you might as well lay your gage away, because it will be too small for the case.

Jay Gould is putting on the screws. The old Baltimore & Ohio telegraph rate of fifteen cents for ten words from New York to Chicago has been raised to 50 cents; and wherever competition has been stopped by the absorption of that line there will be a similar rise in rates. Congress will have to look into the exorbitant rates, and pass a law regulating the cost of messages.

The Republican national committee has been called to meet at Washington on December 8th, to decide the time and place of holding the national convention next year, to make nominations for the presidency and vice presidency. As six months must elapse between the call and the assembling of the convention, the latter will thus presumably be held the second week in June next. The last one assembled June 3, 1884.

The Commercial's publications about Mr. Fleming, of Louisville, regarding his relations to Gov. Buckner, were taken as insults by that gentleman and he approached Mr. DuPont, who owns that paper, Thursday evening to know the cause of these attacks. Mr. DuPont did not give Mr. Fleming the satisfaction desired, and he struck Mr. DuPont, several blows with his cane, knocking him down and cutting a gash on his face.

John C. Hanover, one of the real estate brokers of Cincinnati, was cowhided in his office Thursday, by Mrs. D. W. Moody. Mrs. Moody has been there for some time engaged in teaching] garment cutting and dress making. Hanover also has an interest in a similar business, and it is claimed by Mrs. Moody that he has slandered her business and her pupils. Thursday morning she, in company with her brother, visited Hanover's office and while her brother held him she whipped him with a raw hide until she was tired. It is understood that Hanover has obtained a warrant for the arrest of his assailants.

The Chicago News puts a different interpretation on Mr. Grady's speech introducing the President at Atlanta The following is from that paper: "The eloquent Henry W. Grady, of Atlanta, overreached himself when he called President Cleveland the greatest ruler on earth. Mr. Cleveland is great, but he is not a ruler. He is no more a ruler than the chairman of a ward caucus is a ruler. But it may be that Brother Grady would like to see Mr. Cleveland a ruler. Brother Grady is a young man, and presumably his bosom teems with those sentimental ambitions so peculiar to a romantic, chivalrous, dreamy-eyed southern youth. It is not unlikely that with Cleveland for ruler, Grady would be elevated to the peerage. Perhaps he would be invested with the dignity, title, and estates of a markeezy; who knows!

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., Oct 21.—After two weeks of alternate traveling and stopping to see the places of interest along the route, I found myself in the city of Los Angeles (pronounced Los Angless) on the 20th inst. After leaving Salt Lake City the first stop made was at

SACRAMENTO, THE CAPITAL OF CALIFORNIA.

The city is beautifully situated in a level valley surrounded by fine wheat lands on every side for many miles. Its population is about 30,000 and, like Salt Lake City, the place has not yet been struck by the "boomers." It is a quiet, rather dull looking town, where property is comparatively cheap and everything sells high and the merchants appear to have abundant leisure time to stand about their doors and discuss the glorious climate and fertile lands of central California and laugh at the crowds of eastern suckers who pass through the city *en route* to the southern portions of the State. The houses in the business portion of the city are, as a rule, only one or two stories high, with now and then a three story building, and a great deal of ground has been wasted in building up the city. The streets are all wide and the residences are surrounded by large shady yards, many of them taking up an entire square. In some of the lawns orange trees with green fruit on them were seen, and all kinds of ornamental trees and rare and beautiful flowers were growing luxuriantly in every portion of the city. Among the places of interest is the Capitol building, which I visited. The State house is a very handsome one and the park of several acres surrounding it is a veritable paradise, where green grass, paved walks, flower gardens and all the many ornamental shade trees and plants so common in this country abound, and fountains played and birds made music on all sides, while the visitor, intoxicated with the beauties of art and nature, rested upon the rustic seats, embowered in flowers and foliage. I visited all parts of the capitol building, concluding by ascending to the dome, from which a magnificent view could be had of the city and country around. One was amply repaid for the exertion and fatigue of climbing more than 300 steps to reach the dome. The country in every direction was one broad expanse of level farm lands as far as the eye could reach. I was impressed with the fine character of the county Sacramento is backed by and I see no reason why the city should not develop a steady and substantial prosperity not founded on any fictitious basis and in a few years become a city of 50,000 inhabitants.

While in the city I called on Mr. Jas. O. Coleman, who showed me many courtesies and kind attentions. He is engaged in the real estate business and, like all Kentuckians out here, is doing well. I left Sacramento about noon on the 18th and stopped that night at the growing city of

FRESNO.

Here I remained for 24 hours and spent one of the most enjoyable days since leaving home, and also had the pleasure of meeting more friends from Kentucky. Judge Jas. Campbell, whose wife is now visiting relatives in Hopkinsville, lives here and is one of the most prominent citizens of the place. He is serving his second term as Superior Court Judge of Fresno county and by judicious investments in real estate has grown rich as the former village of Fresno gradually developed into a live, prosperous little city of 8,000 inhabitants. I also met Jas. B. Campbell, who left Hopkinsville six years ago and has been practicing law in San Francisco for two or three years. He was at Fresno on a visit to his uncle, Judge Campbell.

Fresno, like most of the towns in the lower half of the State, is growing rapidly and real estate agents are constantly on the look-out for strangers. Early on the morning following my arrival I was sought out by one of the enterprising firms and upon calling at their office found them with a carriage ready and anxious to show me the town and surrounding country. I availed myself of the offer and conducted by Mr. H. I Couts, whom I found to be a very clever and agreeable gentleman, drove over the town and also took a trip six miles into the country to visit vineyards and orchards, some of which are the finest in California. This drive was, for the most part, through long avenues, with Lombardy poplar or eucalypus trees on either side. The fields and vineyards were without fences, as the no-fence law prevails here as in all the Western states. The country is level and fertile, being the fairest portion of the great San Juaquin (San Waukeen) Valley. The land is all good, being worth from $80 to $500 per acre, the price being regulated in a great measure, by the improvements and the facilities for irrigation. I visited several of the scores of fine vineyards surrounding Fresno. Barton's of 640 acres, Butler's of 400, Ego's of 400, Williams' of 114, Foresyth's of 160, and the Fresno Vineyard of 440 acres, were among the largest and most productive. Some of them raise wine grapes principally and manufacture the wine in great factories located on their own grounds, while others make a specialty of raisin grapes and dry and pack their crops in establishments that employ hundreds of hands. Others sell the unpacked raisins to the packing establishments in the city, which employ all together about a thousand hands. The Fresno and Williams vineyards were among the best improved and handsomest ones visited. Both had orchards in connection with the vineyards. The grape fields contained hundreds of acres, the vines being cut low and allowed to spread out on the ground until the surface of the earth was almost covered. The Fresno vineyard raises wine grapes and scores of Chinamen were busy gathering and hauling the grapes to the winery, where the juice was being extracted and made into the fine wines for which California is famed. The great tanks were countless in number and the magnitude of the business is simply enormous and yet this was only one of the hundreds in the State. In the center of the farm the orchards were planted, surrounding the Superintendent's house and the ornamental grounds that contributed to the loveliness of the spot. Here could be found peaches, apples, pears, pomegranates, oranges, olives, lemons, figs and nearly every other kind of fruit trees imaginable. There were all kinds of berries and large melon patches where you could walk over acres almost without stepping on the ground. There were nice arbors, from which depended white grapes, black grapes, purple grapes, yellow grapes and every other kind of grapes in bunches weighing from one to five pounds each. Closer about the house were planted flowers, evergreens and such ornamental trees as the palm, eucalypus China umbrella tree, poplar and various others whose names I did not know. Castor beans, geraniums and the like grew almost large enough for shade trees and the varieties of bright-blossomed flowers were too numerous to mention. The other vineyards were no less lovely, but most of them raised raisin grapes and the second crop, which comes on about a month after the first is gone, was being gathered. Trays about three feet square were placed thickly over the fields, one to each vine, and on these could be seen the raisins in every stage from the green grape to the fully dried fruit. They are made of large white grapes and all that is necessary is to gather them and spread them on the trays in the field and turn them over occasionally. It seldom rains in the grape season to ruin them and grapes are too plentiful to be worth stealing. They are gathered by Chinese laborers, who are paid $1 00 a day, and the raisins when ready to pack, are worth five cents a pound, which is equivalent to one cent for the grapes, as it takes five pounds of grapes to make one pound of raisins. Most of the raisins are sold loose to the city establishments, where they are packed into boxes holding 20 pounds and sold to the wholesale trade at about $2.00 per box. This work is done largely by women and children, who easily earn $1.00 a day. One of these factories alone employs 700 hands. The interior of this establishment was a sight worth going miles to see. On either side of the long tables were the busy packers, seated at their work, while in other parts of the building the raisins were being picked, weighed and boxed up, and the boxes stacked up ready to be shipped. I saw tons and tons of them in the fields, on the wagons and in the packing houses and ate raisins until the sight of them made me sick. I picked up ripe figs and olives from the trees and saw oranges in every stage from the blossom to the ripe fruit. Fresno is not the real orange country, but oranges grow there without any trouble. Figs are largely cultivated and in some orchards I saw ripe figs thick on the ground under the trees where they had dropped off and had been left to decay during the hurry of getting in the grape crop before the fall rains begin. I spent all of the forenoon among these scenes and in the afternoon took a similar trip in another direction with Mr. Thos. E. Hughes, a very affable and obliging old capitalist, who takes a pride in showing strangers his broad acres and fine fruit farms. After seeing all I could in this way I went up into the dome of the court house, which is situated on a slight elevation in a seven-acre park in the heart of the city, and took a bird's eye view of the lovely landscape stretched out in every direction. Real estate in Fresno is rapidly advancing in price, eligible building lots 50x150 feet being worth now from $500 to $2,000. The people all appear to be prosperous and happy and I shoud consider the town a good place to engage in any line of business. The climate, though, is not as good as at Los Angeles, as it gets several degrees colder in winter and hotter in summer. I left Fresno at 6 o'clock and traveled all night through a mountainous and comparatively barren country and next day after passing through one or two pretty little valleys, reached Los Angeles just before noon. As no brief notice can do full justice to this "City of The Angels," as its name signifies, I will have to wait until my next letter to give it a send-off. I have run across a good many Kentuckians here, all of whom seem to be doing well. Dr. R. R. Bourne, recently of Hopkinsville, is in a fair way to make a fortune practicing dentistry. Mr. R. N. Russell, formerly of Elkton, a brother of Mr. J. D. Russell, is in the real estate business. Mr. Geo. C. Long has sold out his Abstract business and is looking around for something more to his taste. Col. Gano Henry and his son Gano Henry, Jr., arrived on the 20th and have located at Burbank, ten miles from this city Walter Lawson is somewhere in the city also, but I have not met him yet. Henry Keen, col., formerly of Hopkinsville, is running two or three boot blacking shops and making a mint of money. A good many other Kentuckians are located at San Diego, which place I will visit next.

C. M. M.

State Rights and Prohibition.

St. Louis Republican.

About a year ago the United States circuit court of Kansas gave a decision of great interest under the liquor prohibition law of the State. The owner of a large brewery demanded indemnity from the State for impairment of his property. His brewery was built and equipped for a certain purpose—making beer—and was of little use for anything else. Moreover, when he built and equipped it, making beer was a lawful business in the State, and in following it he was prosperous. But the prohibitory law came in and made that unlawful which before had been lawful; it suddenly forbade him to do what he had all along been permitted and even encouraged to do. It prohibited him from using his brewery for making beer any longer—and its value was thereby greatly impaired, and that, too, by the direct act of the State. In fact, the State had not only driven him from his hitherto lawful vocation, but taken from him one-half his property without compensation.

The United States circuit court took the brewer's view of the case and gave him a judgment for indemnity. But in Kansas a brewer or a liquor dealer is not presumed to have any rights—or very few—that the public is bound to respect, and the State authorities carried the case to the supreme court at Washington, where it is pending.

The decision of the final tribunal is awaited with no small interest. If the judgment of the lower court is affirmed, and it is established that property destroyed or impaired by prohibition laws must be paid for, it will be a serious backset to that cause—and, in addition to this, it will set the Kansas Republicans thinking on the subject of State rights. If, on the other hand, the decision of the lower court is reversed, it will establish it as a principle that property used as a distillery or brewery may be confiscated, and all brewers and distillers in the country are pursuing their vocation at the constant peril of that fate.

Hall's

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years Doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure now on the market. It is taken internally in doses from ten drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucus surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circular and testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

☞ Sold by Druggists, 75 cents.

Catarrh Cure.

CASKY.

CASKY, KY., Oct. 29.—Messrs. Wm. Cowan and Howell Tandy, of Hopkinsville, were at the Station Thursday. Mr. Cowan is buying large quantities of wheat, which is being shipped to Northern markets from this place.

Constable Watson brought Wes. Vaughn before Judge Brasher, Thursday, charged with trespass in two cases. He was given two dollars and costs in each case. Wes said that hereafter it would be his earnest endeavor to "keep in de middle of de road." 'Sqr. Warfield got out the warrants and should his neighbors co-operate with him, that detestible practice would soon cease to exist.

Mrs. Sam Brown returned from Fulton Thursday, where she has been visiting friends and relatives for several weeks.

Miss Lillye Waller was the guest of Mrs. L. C. Bronaugh Friday afternoon.

Mrs. J. G. Kendall and Mrs. Winston Henry, Misses Mary Henry and Minnie Bronaugh left here Saturday morning to attend the Circle Meeting at South Union.

Mr. Robt. McKee returned from a ten days trip to Dallas, Texas, last Thursday.

Mrs. L. D. Watson left here Saturday to spend several weeks at Dawson.

Misses Amelia Radford and Maggie Bradshaw, of South Christian, were in town yesterday.

Three car loads of coal were left here Saturday, much to the satisfaction of many of our townsmen who have not laid in their winter's supply.

IDLEWILD.

PON LETTER.

The protracted meeting at Pleasant Hill was put off for the present.

The farmers are through sowing wheat. There was more sown than usual.

Rev. Gibb, of the Universalist church, will preach at Fruit Hill School House, the first Sunday in next month.

Mr. N. C. Foster and family have returned from Sharon Grove, Todd., Co., where they have been visiting relatives.

Mr. J. R. Davis, of Pon, is building a side room to his dwelling house.

Mrs. Marquess is moving to Mr. Austin Dulin's farm, near Esq. Rice Dulin's.

Mr. G. W. Davis has moved to Rev. Lacy's farm, near Madisonville, to superintend said farm. And will also study for the ministry.

Mr. W. R. Oates and P. N. King are going to merchandising soon.

Mr. N. C. Foster has bought Mr. Wm. Flood's farm, near Sharon Grove, in Todd, Co.

Messrs. West and Fears have moved their steam saw mill from near Antioch church to the farm known as the Forbes farm, near Fergerson's store.

The Hogs are doing well on the acorns this fall. And will leave some corn for the old muly cows next March.

The farmers are gathering corn It is very light.

SENRAS.

A fellow with one side of a huge jaw-bone, a rib and another bone of a giant, dug from the earth at a depth of sixty-five feet, in South Louisiana, had the same on exhibition over D. J. Hooser's business house Friday and Saturday of last week. Judging from the bones exhibited the giant must have weighed about eight thousand pounds and his height must have been at least thirty feet. The piece of jaw-bone exhibited was that of a human and weighed sixty-three pounds, each tooth weighing a pound and a fraction. The exhibitor interspersed his description of the curiosities with music on the violin and was well patronized. He left for Nashville Sunday morning and is making a tour of the United States.

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WITH THE LARGEST STOCK

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Clothing, Cloaks, Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps,

Ladies' and Gents' Furnishings, Trunks, Etc.

Ever shown in Hopkinsville and at Prices that Defy Competition. Our stock is larger and more complete than ever before and in our endeavor to please will name you. Better Goods, more of them at Lower Prices than any concern in the city. This is no idle boast but plain facts undisputed. To be convinced call on us before making your Fall and Winter Purchases, and we will guarantee you will be satisfied that we have told facts. Ladies your special and undivided attention is called to our Most Elegant and Immense Stock of

Cloaks, Jackets and Short Wraps,

Consisting of Lusters Sponged Seal Plush and Worsteds, Cassimeres and the Finest Cloths in the market. We will make it to your interest to call, before purchasing, on the

"OLD RELIABLE,"

M. FRANKEL & SONS.

BEARD CORNER.

☞ TO THE PEOPLE OF ☜

CHRISTIAN AND SURROUNDING COUNTIES!

2 Doors From Bank of Hopkinsville.

We would call your attention to our Second Grand Arrival of Fall and Winter Clothing, made from the finest Imported Piece Goods by Skilled Workmen. As we have arrangements with Large Manufacturers for their Choicest Custom Goods. We can can compete with any First-Class City House in Styles and Fit, and beat them on prices. Having very light expenses and buying in such large quantities for three Clothing Stores, Cash gets Goods Cheap and we will give you the benefit of it. Shoddy and Poorly Made Goods are high at any Price.

WE ARE THE ONLY

EXCLUSIVE

CLOTHING AND FURNISHING GOODS

HOUSE

In this city, We therefore keep the Best Assorted Stock. Come and see us and you will get Fine Merchant Tailors Clothing at Eastern ready made Prices. We bought a fine line of Misfit Clothing which we well sell at Half Price. Thanking our friends for past favors.

PYE & WALTON.

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A POPULAR EVENT!

OPERA HOUSE 4 DAYS.

COMMENCING

Monday, Nov. 7th.

Andress' Carnival of Novelties. Trained Animal Exposition. A Grand Specialty Company.

The Mascot Show of America.

20 Eminent Artists 20

Including the World Renowned Steen Family.

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In Refined and Brilliant Illusions. A Superb Band and Classical Orchestra.
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The Band will Parade Daily in an Elegant Charriot, Drawn by Six Beautiful Horses.

General Admission.................50 Cents
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Reserve Seats 10 cents extra. Reserve Seats now on Sale at Galbreath's Store.

MDE. E. DOUGHERTY,

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DRESS and CLOAK-MAKER,

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LOUISVILLE, - KENTUCKY.

SAMPLES OF DRESS GOODS SENT AND DRESSES MADE TO ORDER.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

9-16.

MRS. E. J. DUNBAR,

PURCHASING AGENT,

No. 536 FOURTH AVENUE, LOUISVILLE, KY.

Shopping of all kinds promptly attended to. Samples sent and Letters answered on Receipt of Postage. Wedding Trousseaus and Wedding Invitations a Specialty.

Dresses Made in First-Class Style at Reasonable Prices.

Charts for self-measurement and estimates of cost sent on receipt of stamp. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

TERMS: One-third CASH. Money must be sent by Express, Post Office Order or Registered Letter. Remittances by Express must be pre-paid.

Will Also SHOP WITH LADIES VISITING THE CITY.

10-25.

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—DEALER IN—

HARDWARE, GUNS AND CUTLERY,

Pistols, Fishing Tackle,

Hunting Outfits, Iron Wagon Timbers,

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Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums

PERFECTLY RESTORE the HEARING, no matter whether deafness is caused by colds, fevers, or injuries to the natural drums. Always in position, but invisible to others and comfortable to wear. Music, conversation, even whispers heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book of proofs free. Address F. HISCOX, 849 Broadway N. Y.

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Through the prehistoric Indian Mound country, with its many limpid streams and lakes and the

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Its Forests are the heaviest timbered on the continent.

Penetrated the Sugar and Rice Regions of Louisiana, and passing within a stone's throw of the Capitol Building at Baton Rouge—from which point to New Orleans the line runs at varying distances along the river front passing in their course up and down the Mississippi river numerous steamboats, presenting to the Tourist

A Panorama Not to be Forgotten.

The Equipment comprises Coaches of the most Modern Style and convenience, with Pullman Drawing Room Buffett Sleeping CARS.

If you are going from the North to Florida, Texas or Coast Points or from the South to the North, East and West, see that your ticket reads, via L., N. O. & T. R'y.

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CHILLS & FEVER CURED and PREVENTED

The ENTIRE SYSTEM QUICKLY CLEANSED of MALARIA!

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FEVER TONIC

Is a sure and speedy Cure in the most stubborn cases. It thoroughly cleanses the system of Malaria, making the cure complete. When taken as directed, A CURE IS GUARANTEED, and should it fail the Druggist is authorized to REFUND THE MONEY you paid for it. ☞ GIVE it a TRIAL! Be sure to ask your Druggist for KRESS' FEVER TONIC. Price, $1. per bottle.

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MEYER BROS. & CO., GENERAL AGENTS.

MY FATHER--A MEMORY.

BY WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

The tender angel that he knew
Came to him from the starlit blue,
And when his last life-force had sped,
Soft heavenly fingers touched his head.

The angel spake: "Behold in me
God's herald from eternity!
On earth thy spirit saw in mine
Clear guidance to the Love Divine.

Therefore I bless thee, ere we go
To realms no mortal man may know,
To heights beyond the utmost reach
Of yearning human thought and speech."

My father's voice grew clear and sweet,—
He knelt beside the angel's feet,—
"All hail," said he. "Show me the goal
Where sin is lifted from the soul.

"Oh take me through the voice of space
To meet God's mercy face to face!
Long have I heard thy sacred call,
Lead me to Christ, who died for all!

"But heal dear angel, this deep woe,
From wounds of parting, ere I go;
Let those who love me when unseen
Keep in their hearts my memory green."

The angel answered: "O'er thy dust
True love abides and changeless trust."
Then, clad in faith's unfaltering light,
They journeyed upward th—

—Youth's Companion.

BASE BALL IN THE OLDEN TIME.

Luke Sharp, in Detroit Free Press.

A long time ago, when I was young, base ball was the popular game, as it is now, but instead of being spectators we were the players. It was no great fun in those days to sit and look at a game of ball. Everybody who amounted to anything was a player, and the social standing of the boys in the village was reckoned according to their proficiency in what has since become the national game of America.

Balls and bats were home made. The owner of a popular bat or real good ball was second only in respect to a good catcher or pitcher or a first-rate batsman. Generally the fellow who could make a real good ball wasn't worth a cent at batting, and so neither side wanted him, and yet if he were not chosen on one side or the other he would simply pocket his ball in a huff and block the game. The fellow who owned the ball was the autocrat of the grounds. Often while the game was going on I have known some one to offend him, and he would say: "Oh, well, all right, then; get another ball."

And he would then pick up his property and move off, leaving us all lamenting, until a conciliation committee would surround him and smooth things down and apologize, and at last he, generally with seeming reluctance, threw the ball in the field again. It was an understood thing that the owner of a ball was not under any circumstances to be offended.

The making of a ball was an art in itself. One or two old woolen stockings were captured and cut off at the heel so that the yarn would unravel well. The core of the ball was a piece of rubber; a bit of an old rubber shoe did very well. This was to make the ball bounce, an important thing in those days, for a ball caught on the first bounce was out. The yarn was tightly wound around this rubber core until the ball was of the requisite diameter. Sometimes it was covered and sometimes not. The covering of the ball was a very difficult art that few of the boys ever attained. This fact always gave the son of the village shoemaker the pull over the rest of us boys, for he got his father to cover the ball with leather in a manner that none of us could hope to imitate, and his interest with the old man effectually shut out the rest of us. This was the more easily done as the old man knew mighty well there was no money in ball covering. I once broke down the monopoly of the shoemaking faction by getting the local harness-maker to cover a ball for me, but he never would do it again. It took too much valuable time. He told me that he would rather make a set of harness than cover another ball. Nevertheless, it had a good effect in taking down in a measure the arrogance of the shoemaker's boy. The necessity for leather covering could be got rid of by sewing the yarn on the outside of the ball with strong thread over and over again till the surface was one compact mass. This made a very good ball that bounced better than the leather covered one, but it was not so lasting. It would usually take the most interesting part of the game as the proper time to unravel in, and then go flying over the field like a comet with a long tail of yarn after it. The coming of that yarn tail showed us that its usefulness had departed.

When the boys had assembled in the field for a game, a couple of the best players were chosen for captains. One took a base ball bat and tossed it to the other, who caught it near the middle. Then captain No. 1. placed his hand around the bat and close over the clutch of the other captain, and so they went hand over hand until the top of the bat was reached. The fellow who had the last clutch got the first choice of the men at hand. This first choice was recognized as a very important matter, and the captain had sometimes to suffer for the stand he made to secure it. He would often insist there was room on the end of the bat for his clutch, when, in fact, there was not, and the matter was decided in a brutal Spartan manner. A partisan of the other captain was allowed to take another bat and pound on the end of the tossing bat. If the captain's hand was too high it caught the blows instead of the end of the bat, Still I have known gritty fellows set their teeth and stand the requisite number of blows, although the hand was bleeding when the ordeal was over. Some fellows were very expert in catching the tossed bat. I knew a boy who would catch it every time in such a way that the resulting hand over hand business invariably left his hand on top.

The sides were then chosen until the whole panel was exhausted. There was no nine on a side restrictions in those days, and when one man was out the whole side was out. There was not much method about the fielding. The boys scattered themselves about as they saw fit. A number of the most useless members on both sides generally sat on the fence, because over was out, and the moment a ball went over the fence there was a simultaneous dive of all the fellows on the fnece and a wild scramble for the ball. If some one on the batsman's side got the ball it was not out, if a fellow on the other side, then the other side went to bat.

If the batsman struck at a ball and the catcher caught it he was out. There were no four strikes or five balls business, and the batsman did not need to run unless he felt satisfied that he struck the ball far enough to make [illegible] for first "gool," or, rather, he did not need to run until he had struck the ball three times.

There was no catching a runner out by throwing the ball to the bases in the good old days. The fellow who had hold of the ball when the runner started threw it with all his might at the hurrying victim, and although the ball was not as hard as those now used, yet when it took a person square in the ribs it was apt to knock him out in every sense of the word.

If I remember rightly the fourth "gool" was home, and as the runner hopped across it he yelled at the top of his voice, "tally one!" This was an intimation to the "official scorer" to cut another notch in the stick with his jack-knife. It was a great honor to be allowed to keep the tally. The official scorer usually sat on the fence and chewed tobacco. He had a long stick and on one edge of this he cut notches to represent the runs of one club, and on the other side the notches showed the runs made by the opposing crowd. Every now and then some one would ask him how the game stood, and he would reply "169 to 204," or whatever the score was. "There was no nothing to one" in those days.

We never had an umpire. As the game was then played there was no chance for close decisions. The only point that left a chance for a wrangle was whether or not the man was on the base at the time he was hit by the ball. But if the hit was a good sound one, the man generally sat down on the field where he was, and had no disposition to dispute the fact that he was struck.

I shall never forget the day when a hard ball was first introduced on the grounds. I was pitching. I wasn't doing as well as might be expected that day, and the batters were knocking the ball all over the township. My pitching was making our side tired—especially the fielders. Young Allison was on center field, and he was kept trotting after the ball till it got past being at all funny. He thought it was about time to give me a gentle hint that my pitching was not up to the league standard. In racing after the ball when a home run was scored, he picked up a round stone about the size of the ball we were using, and, putting the ball in his pocket, he threw the stone from the center field to where I stood. I caught it. I thought the end of the world had come. It seemed to drive my wrist clear up into my elbow. That ended my pitching for that season. It has always been a matter of regret with me that I was never able to thrash Allison for that throw.

Only Thirty-six Per Cent.

of those who die from consumption inherit the disease. In all other cases it must either be contracted through carelessness; or, according to the new theory of tubercular parasites, received directly from others as an infectious disease. But in either case, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is a positive remedy for the disease in its early stages. It is delay that is dangerous. If you are troubled with shortness of breath, spitting of blood, night-sweats or a lingering cough, do not hesitate to procure this sovereign remedy *at once.*

A dozen Indians in Arizona have gone on the war path, and Governor Torriz, of Sonora, has offered five hundred dollars each for the heads of the Apaches. It would be a shame if some of the frontier white men should kill innocent Indians for the reward. There are men mean enough to do anything. It was the same way here in Wisconsin when there was a big reward for wolf scalps. Men raised wolves for the scalps and imported scalps from Iowa.—*Peck's Sun.*

According to Mother Goose, when a man marries his trouble begins, but experience teaches him that some evils can be remedied. Hence when it is needed he procures a bottle of White's Cream Vermifuge, a preparation that will cure all the children on the globe if they are troubled with worms. White's Cream Vermifuge means Death to Worms.

Why He Didn't Frequent Saloons.

Kentucky State Journal.

"That Mr. Holding must be an awful nice man," said Mrs. Smith to Sam Bluster yesterday evening. "I never see him hangin' about the saloons."

"No," replied Sam, "He hasn't time to hang around saloons. He is kept busy at home thrashing his wife."

The cleansing, antiseptic and healing qualities of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy are unequaled.

AN EDITOR'S ADVENTURE.

Atlanta Constitution.

Larry Gannt, of the *Banner-Watchman,* went to Gainesville to deliver an agriculture lecture. The town was crowded with visitors, and he was told that he could not find accomodation at the Johnson House.

He arrived quite late at night. Several men were around the register, and he awaited his turn to enter his name. The man who held the book was interrupted for a moment, and turned around to speak to one of the party of which he was a member.

Gantt wrote his name in the book, and seeing a friend, turned to two chairs around the stove for a chat.

The man who held the book, having finished the conversation, again proceeded to the registration of his party, and not noticing Gantt's signature, wrote his names immediately following, which, when finished, he enclosed in a bracket, and wrote "United States [illegible]."

After awhile the editor, being sleepy, approached the clerk, and asked to be shown his room.

"Your name, sir?" he was asked.

"There, sir," he replied, placing his finger on his hieroglyphical scrawl.

"You can't go till your guard comes for you," said the clerk.

"Till my guard comes? What do you mean, sir?" exclaimed Gantt.

"Your guard said he [illegible] in a moment. So just keep quiet."

"If I can't get my room, I'll leave your house, and I am tired of this foolishness," thundered Gantt, moving toward the door.

"Hold up! Halt!" yelled the clerk, pistol in hand. "Your guard told me to watch you men till his return, and I am just the man to do it," and with that he leveled his pistol at the face of the irate and astonished editor, who, thinking he had met a lunatic, calmed down.

"That's a fine scrape you boys have got into," remarked the clerk, after he had laid aside his shooter.

"What scrape, and what boys?" said Gantt.

"Oh, I have had that game played on me before, but the dodge won't work this time," responded the watchful knight of the diamond pin. "If you all can't make whisky without paying your license, you ought to be caught."

"Whisky! License! What are you talking about, man?" said Gantt: "I don't know anything about making whisky nor what you are raving about, and I want to go."

"That's the same old story, but it won't work. I hope you'll get off light, when you get before Judge Newman in Atlanta, but you might as well own up. Did they catch all seven of you together?" asked the clerk.

"What seven?"

"Why, these seven here on the register with your name," answered the deputy guard, pointing to the bracketed names on the book.

"Do you take me for an illicit distiller?" exclaimed Gantt.

Just then a friend came in and identified him, whereupon he was released by the clerk, who said: "Well, sir, there ain't a single unoccupied room in the house; but, if you'll take it, I'll give you mine, if you won't say anything about what's happened."

Connecticut Heard From--Saves Time, Health and Money.

Mr. Jas. Raymond, Greenwich, Conn., writes: "This is to certify that I have used your Hughes' Tonic with best success, and have also recommended it to my friends, who say it always cures. In cases where months were formerly lost from occupation by taking a few doses of this tonic, chills and fever are kept off, thereby saving time, health and money."

Prepared by R. A. Robinson & Co.,
Wholesale Druggists, Louisville, Ky.
Sold at retail by Druggists generally.

Uncle Jack returns from a long walk, and, being somewhat thirsty, drinks from a tumbler he finds on the table. Enter his little niece Alice, who instantly sets up a cry of despair.

Uncle Jack—"What's the matter, Alice?"

Alice (weeping)—"You've drinked up my aquarium, and you've swallowed my three pollywogs.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Young, as well as married ladies, who have by some exposure, become irregular, pale and feeble, with headache, leucorrhoea, falling of womb, should take Dr. Dromgoole's English Female Bitters.

Mrs. X—— (who has been talking)—"But I see your mind is on some business matter, George. I'm afraid I'm interrupting you." Mr. X—— (reflecting on the races of yesterday)—"Oh, no—no—go ahead! I'm not listening."—*Buffalo Commercial.*

We take pleasure in recommending the use of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer as safe and reliable for restoring gray hair to its natural color.

Canned goods, according to the *Anylist,* should be eaten on the day they are opened. The Philadelphia *Call* wonders if anybody ever tried eating canned goods the day before they were opened.

To regulate the stomach, liver and bowels, and to promote digestion, take one of Carter's Little Liver Pills every night. Try them.

"E. L. Harper's right name is 'Hopper.'" Ah? We think his name is "Dennis."—*Kentucky State Journal.*

Man's Height.

Youth's Companion.

Men of the present day have no occasion to feel humiliated because they are not taller and larger than they are. There is no reason, in the discoveries of science, for the supposition that men, as a whole, have ever had a greater average height than they have now. For a long time, at Romans, in France, near the junction of the Isere and Rhone rivers, there existed a deposit of gigantic bones which had long been known as the "Giant's Field."

In recent times bones have been exhumed there which were believed to be human, and which were said to be those of Teutobodus, the king of the Teutons, who was overcome near the spot by Marius, the Roman general. The researches of Cuvier, however, proved that these bones, together with the others exhumed in the same place, were those of the Dinotherium giganteum, an extinct animal of the tapir species, which measured about twenty feet in length.

The myth of a race of giants has its counterpart in those other creatures of the imagination, the pigmies. These fabled beople, who were so small that a stalk of grain was a tree to them, which they chopped down with tiny hatchets and brush-hooks, were said to inhabit Ethiopia. They were always at war with the cranes, but lived on such friendly terms with the partridges that they were able to harness them into their carriages.

They lived at first, according to the fable, in Thrace, but were driven out of Europe by the cranes, and took refuge in Ethiopia. It is now commonly supposed that the pigmies were nothing more nor less than monkeys of small size, like the marmoset. The pigmy's warfare with the crane was probably the one grain of exact truth which survived in the tradition.

The stories of the pigmies belong with the fables of the giants. The men of ancient times were of the same, or nearly the same height, of those of the present day. The doors of the ancient houses, the ancient armor, the Egyptian mummies, as well as the bones of fossil men, prove that there has been little or no variation.

Among famous tall men was the Roman Emperor Maximin, whose stature was seven and three-quarters feet. Maximin was a young barbarian, the son of a Gothic father, who first attracted the attention of the Romans by overcoming sixteen of their strongest men, one after another, in a wrestling contest, and, having been made a centurion, fought and intrigued his way to the imperial throne.

The normal stature of men and women ranges between four feet and six feet four inches. Those who exceed the latter height may be called giants, while those who are below four feet are called dwarfs. There have been dwarfs scarcely one foot six inches in height, but even these have been considerably taller that the fabled pigmies of antiquity.

Preferred Death to a Chestnut.

Nashville Banner.

When a funny story is suddenly recalled to a man's mind by some circumstance, the desire to tell it is suddenly irresistible. This was peculiarly so of old Jimmy Crawson. He was going down the creek one day on a raft, when one of the raftsmen was struck by an oar and knocked into the raging flood. The incident suggested something ludicrous to old Jimmy, and instead of plunging in after his comrade, he drew as near to him as he could safely and said: "Your falling in there reminds me of a little thing that occurred about twenty years—" But the man had gone down never to rise again.

It is now said that girls are frequently made cross-eyed from eating strawberries. This story was very likely started by the same class of young men who have claimed that ice cream causes freckles. The boys who cannot afford to buy many luxuries for girls look upon ice cream saloons and strawberry festivals as inventions of the enemy.—*Peck's Sun.*

J. A. H. OWENS, Charlestown, Ind., says: Wintersmith's Tonic is the best chill medicine I have ever used. It is a sure cure.

A young girl who lately died in Auburn, N. Y., had preserved the love letters of thirty-one different young men. She made good use of her time, and her early death is attributed to the fact that she read the letters from the thirty-one different young men. They would have killed an older and tougher female.—*Norristown Herald.*

Are you going to Chicago via Cincinnati or Louisville? If so, buy your ticket by the "Monon" route. It is the daisy line between the Ohio river cities and Chicago.

Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier, by its vitalizing properties, will brighten pale cheeks, and transform a pale, haggard, dispirited woman into one of sparkling health and beauty.

The "Monon" route is the shortest, speediest, safest and best between Louisville and Chicago.

A meteor is something like an Irishman. Its disappearance is followed by a wake.—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.
—*Adv.*

Noble Soldiers.

Chambers' Journal.

The Haytians are an intensely vain people, and the thing they most pride themselves on is their army. Nothing will convince them that as a military power they are not vastly superior to any nation, either in the old or new world. Even those who have lived in European capitals are addicted to this extremely ridiculous "balderdash;" but when the real facts are presented, the state of affairs disclosed is simply sublime in its absurdity. The Haytian army must present to European beholders a spectacle of grotesqueness the equal of which it would be difficult to find anywhere, either in fact or fiction. Imagine a battalion on parade, consisting of thirteen privates, four officers and six drummers, the rest of the men—the author quaintly puts it—thinking it unnecessary to present themselves except on payday. The staff officers are clad in the most gorgeous uniforms procurable, while the men are habited in a motley array of tatters. Some have coats wanting one arm, the collar or the tail. The head gear may consist of dilapidated shako, a straw hat, wideawake, or in many cases merely a handkerchief tied around the head. The officers hold the sword in either hand, as suits them and they march past in admirable confusion, each one carrying his musket in the position he finds most convenient. The populace look on with admiring eyes, and gravely ask if finer troops can anywhere be found. The Haytian black, however, thoroughly detests military service, and consequently the sentries, lest they should be over-fatigued, are considerately provided with chairs.

SKIN AND SCALP
Cleansed, Purified and Beautified by the Cuticura Remedies.

For cleansing the Skin and Scalp of Disfiguring Humors, for allaying Itching, Burning and Inflammation, for curing the first symptoms of Eczema, Psoriasis, Milk Crust, Scaly Head, Scrofula and other inherited Skin and Blood Diseases, CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are infallible.

A COMPLETE CURE.
I have suffered all my life with skin diseases of different kinds, and have never found permanent relief, until, by the advice of a lady friend, I used your valuable CUTICURA REMEDIES. I gave them a thorough trial, using six bottles of the CUTICURA RESOLVENT, two boxes of CUTICURA and seven cakes of CUTICURA SOAP, and the result was just what I had been told it would be—a complete cure.
BELLE WADE, Richmond, Va.
Reference, G. W. Latimer, Druggist, Richmond, Va.

SALT RHEUM CURED.
I was troubled with Salt Rheum for a number of years, so that the skin entirely came off one of my hands from the finger tips to the wrist. I tried remedies and doctors' prescriptions to no purpose until I commenced taking CUTICURA REMEDIES and now I am entirely cured.
E. T. PARKER, 379 Northampton St., Boston.

ITCHING, SCALY, PIMPLY.
For the last year I have had a species of itching, scaly and pimply humors on my face to which I have applied a great many methods of treatment without success, and which was speedily and entirely cured by CUTICURA.
MRS. ISAAC PHELPS, Ravenna, O.

NO MEDICINE LIKE THEM.
We have sold your CUTICURA REMEDIES for the last six years, and no medicines on our shelves give better satisfaction.
C. F. ATHERTON, Druggist, Albany, N. Y.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50 cents; RESOLVENT, $1.00; SOAP, 25 cents. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

GRUBS, Pimples, Skin Blemishes, and Baby Humors, cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

I ACHE ALL OVER.

Neuralgic, Sciatic, Sudden, Sharp and Nervous Pains, Strains and Weakness relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. New and perfect. At druggists, 25 cents; five for $1.00. Potter Drug and Chemical Company, Boston.

Gained 15 Pounds.
"I have been a great sufferer from Torpid Liver and Dyspepsia. Every thing I ate disagreed with me until I began taking
Tutt's Pills
I can now digest any kind of food; never have a headache, and have gained fifteen pounds in weight."
W. C. SCHULTZE, Columbia, S. C.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

ARMSTRONG SPRING
White County, Ark.,
Will Positively Cure
Bright's Disease of the Kidneys
And ALL Kidney Troubles.
Stricture of the Bladder, Gravel, Dropsy, Torpid Liver, Enlarged Spleen, Dyspepsia, Nervousness, Paralysis, Muscular Rheumatism, Blood Diseases and all diseases peculiar to females. Dr. J. T. Hamilton, resident physician. Correspondence solicited.
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It will Cure the Most Obstinate Cases.
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MEDICATED
COMPLEXION
POWDER.
Imparts a brilliant transparency to the skin. Removes all pimples, freckles and discolorations. For sale by all first-class druggists, or mailed for 50 cts. in stamps, by J. A. POZZONI, St. Louis, Mo.

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—IN—
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS!
EVER OFFERED.

Guitars, with machine head, splendid tone, with finest strings, pasteboard box....$6 00
Accordeons warranted, two sets of reeds, moulded edges, good finish, one stop....$2 50
Accordeons, two sets of reeds, double bellows, metal corners and clasps, loud tone....$3 50
Accordeons, double bellows, metal corners and clasps, eighteen bugles, large size, two sets of reeds....$4 50
Hopf violins well strung ready for playing, with bow, rosin and pasteboard case....$3 00
Hopf violins, double-lined, a first-class instrument....$4 00
Banjos, 11-inch sheepskin head, 6 brackets..$2 50
Banjos, 11-inch calf-skin head, 8 brackets....$3 5
Richter harmonicas, best hand-tuned, no trash, but easy blowing, 10 holes....15
Violins, Copy of Stradiarius, full ebony trimmed, excellent tone, with Brazilwood bow, wood case and rosin, $10.
Goods will be sent C. O. D. when prepaying express charges.
ADOLPH COHN,
317 Main Street, - - Little Rock, Ark.
[Mention this paper.]

RED CROSS COUGH DROPS 5cts PER BOX

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SEE HERE! Why not save one half on 1000 useful Articles? Send for Catalogue. Big pay to Agents. CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago, Ill.

PILES. Instant relief. Final cure and never returns. No indelicacy. Neither knife, purge, salve or suppository. Liver, kidney and all bowel troubles—especially constipation—cured like magic. Sufferers will learn of a simple remedy free, by addressing, J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau St., N. Y.

CONSUMPTION.
I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give express & P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St. N. Y.

HAIR REMOVED! From any part of the body in 5 MINUTES, without injury to the skin, by UPHAM'S DEPILATORY POWDER. Mailed, (securely sealed), for $1.00. Sealed Pamphlet FREE. Procurable of all Druggists. ASK FOR IT. Don't be put off with something else. S. C. UPHAM, P. O. Box 1297, Philada, Pa.

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A SURE CURE FOR
PILES, SALT RHEUM
and all skin diseases. A new method of compounding Tar. A Cure guaranteed, or money refunded. Sold by druggists, and at the office of TAR-OID CO., 73 RANDOLPH ST. CHICAGO. Price, $1.

VICTOR CHILL CURE.
A Speedy and Permanent Cure for Chills and Fever, Malarial and Swamp Fevers.
NEVER FAILS.
PRICE, 50 CENTS. FIVE BOTTLES, $2.00.
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ENGSTROUM & FRASER,
FASHIONABLE MERCHANT TAILORS
202 West Markham Street, Little Rock, Ark.
We have always on hand the largest and best selected stock of French and English Suitings and Dress Goods in the city.

BLIGHT AND ROT.

Suggestions Regarding the Preparation of Seed for the Fall Wheat Crop.

There is nothing new under the sun. All that is new is the application of old things and processes to new uses. This is exemplified in the use of sulphate of copper for the prevention of grape rot and of the blight and rot of potatoes and tomatoes. This remedy has long been used for the prevention of rust and smut in wheat, and more recently to kill the spores of smut in seed oats and corn and so prevent damage to the crops. If it is true that "there is no evil without its remedy" then we may hope that a remedy has been found for these most serious evils, which greatly reduce the farmer's profits.

These diseases of plants are analogous to the contagious diseases of animals, in that they are produced by a spore or germ which finds access to the interior of the plant, and then causes the disorganization of its tissues by feeding upon them and growing at their expense. Moreover, as the germs of a contagious disease spread abroad and infect other animals, so these germs of blight and rust and smut, or "rot," are scattered abroad and infest other plants. And as the atmosphere is the principal medium by which contagious germs are carried, so the atmosphere is the principal medium through which plants are infected, although the soil is also a contributing agent to the spread of these diseases.

The precise nature of these so-called blights has not been clearly understood, but enough of them has been learned to know that they are all caused by a fungoid parasitic growth which takes possession of the plant, and fills its cellular tissue with its threads or mycelium upon which is borne the fruits, and that these appear as the red rusts or the black smuts that are so familiar to the farmer. The florist or the fruit-grower know them best in the form of the whitish network of fibers which appears as mildew, and which saps the vitality of the plants and causes them to weaken or perish. The smut destroys the infested plants, grain being wholly changed into a mass of brown spores, or the tissue being impregnated with them and so reduced to decay or rot.

For the prevention of smut in wheat it has been a common custom for many years to steep the seed in a solution of four ounces of sulphate of copper in a gallon of water, in such proportion that the whole of the solution is absorbed by the grain. Five bushels of wheat or of corn or eight bushels of oats will absorb this quantity of solution, and in twenty-four hours will be dry enough to sow or plant. This complete absorption, we believe, is indispensable for the destruction of the germs of the fungus which may exist in the grain, for there is no doubt that the grain itself may be infected by the parasite internally, as well as by adhering spores entangled among the hairy appendages of the husk. These adhering spores are readily seen by means of a magnifying glass upon the grains of the seeds mentioned. Moreover, the saturation of the grain by the corrosive copper sulphate acts as a safeguard against the entrance of the parasite from the soil and there is no question that the soil is extensively charged with these germs which have fallen from the smutted crops.

Considering the analogy which exists between these smuts or blights of grain and the potato we have for a few years past experimented upon seed oats, corn and potato cuttings with the result of finding the sulphate checks the growth of the smut, and the present season we have half of a field of oats quite free from smut, where the seed was treated with the solution while the other half has a considerable quantity of smutty heads. The solution has also had a similiar effect upon corn, but having never been troubled with the potato rot in our land and perhaps through extreme care to avoid diseased seed—there has been no precise result reached with this crop. There has been no rot in the crops, however, which, under the circumstances, is wholly negative evidence.

The reasonable physiological connection between the various parasitic fungi has led to the use of a solution of sulphate of copper, with other substances mixed, as water of ammonia, lime and flowers of sulphur, as a remedy for the rot of grapes, and also for preventing the rot in potatoes and tomatoes. The remedy has been introduced here from France, where it has been successfully used in the vineyards and gardens. Although too late for use this season, it is in good time for next year, and may serve as a timely suggestion in regard to the preparation of the seed for the fall wheat crop, which should be treated to the copper sulphate solution invariably as an indispensable precaution. — *N. Y. Times.*

ANXIOUS TO MARRY.

A Young Woman Who Learned Type-Writing for a Purpose.

A daintily-clad little woman—she was one of the best operators as well as the prettiest—whom I had noticed several times in a down-town type-writing office, was missing from her desk the other day. The plump, prosperous looking head of the establishment smoothed down some rebellious reddish-brown locks as she explained, to an accompanying clatter and bang, as if the whole alphabet were out on a spree: "I didn't expect to keep her long," she said. "She came to me a year ago to learn the business, and her mother—she wore diamonds—came with her half apologizing for the daughter's whim. The two of them wore gowns that turned the heads of the whole office, and looked as if they had money enough and to spare. It turned out when I was in my new apprentice's confidence a little that she was engaged to a law student—an impecunious one—and they wanted to marry as soon as he was admitted to the bar. 'Papa' had absolutely refused his consent, and 'mamma' frowned on the whole thing. So what does my lady do but get permission, without assigning any reason for the freak, to learn type-writing—she is studying short-hand, too—having taken the idea into her head that, if she and her law student chose to marry when the time came, she could support the family until the appearance of some fees. They had the knot tied a couple of days ago, the household powers to the contrary notwithstanding, and are taking a week's holiday somewhere down on the shore. She told me she should be ready for work when she came back, and I think she will. She has been earning $7 a week, and is about expert enough to get $10 now. That will help them out for awhile, though I fancy her husband won't leave her here long." The next question in the matrimonial market, some folks say, will be: "What is her salary?" or "Has she had a raise of late?"—*N. Y. Letter.*

—The Albuquerque *Democrat* says: "It is highly probable that Edward Clayborne, the stonemason, will be liberated from the territorial penitentiary at Santa Fe within a few months. For two months he worked on the court-house buildings down-town, being allowed to dress in citizen's clothing and go and come from the penitentiary without a guard."

THE BARREL HAMMOCK.

Reliable Advice of One Who Has Experienced All of Its Pleasures.

Kind reader, did you ever swing in a barrel hammock—one of the genuine, home made country barrel hammocks, such as you find in the summering places of New Hampshire? If you have not one you missed something in this world which falls to the lot of but few men. Fall, did I say? Yes that is it. That's part of the pleasure of the hammock—the falling out.

But first, let me discribe this instrument of tor—pleasure. It is composed of six parts, barrel staves, two of rope, and two of cussedness. Two holes are bored through each end of the stave, and through these pass the rope, the ends being fastened to convenient trees, hooks, or posts like the ropes of a more peaceable hammock. A pillow is thrown in carelessly. This is done to tempt men and lead them on to death. Like a siren that pillow reaches out its every feather, and beckons you to come and enjoy its soft embrace; and you do so. And the end is not yet. You sit down in the middle first, imagining that the hammock has some feeling like its genus; but you are astonished at receiving a crack on each side of your cranium from the two respective end staves. It startles you at first, and you will doubtless feel a little hurt about it, but, like all the rest, you will look upon it as a little eccentricity of the article and swing your feet in to enjoy a reclining position. In doing so you find that your pants have lowered some slack down between the two middle staves, and that in turning around you are in danger of twisting a hole about the size of a dinner-plate in a spot which would inconvenience you. So you gather your robes about you, taking all the slack on top, and once more prepare to recline. This time you have missed your reckoning, for the pillow is about ten feet above you. How to get up there is the question. In vain you attempt to reach it. Each time the bottom of the stave with five of its neighbors flies up and hits you in the small of the back. Then you try to slide up. Digging your toes between two of the bottom staves and working slowly along, you manage to tear a hole in your vest, stick a nail in your ear, and grasp the pillow all at the same time. But you have got the pillow and you are happy.

There's a newspaper in your pocket, but how to get it is the question. You dare not move, for the pesky thing will kick you out, so you content yourself with reaching for a cigar in a convenient pocket, strike a match on a stave—Oh, these barrel hammocks are accommodating—and settle down for a smoke. In five minutes, under the soothing influence of the weed, your mind is at rest; you have forgotten the tricks that lurk in every individual stave of your couch, and are picturing to yourself the dash you will cut when, at home after vacation, with eight dollars per week of saved board money in your pocket, you will paralyze the clerks in the store with stories of "gay Newport, you know." At this juncture one of the young lady boarders rushes out, and with a "Mr. Jones, we are going," she plants her plump form down on the lower staves of the hammock. The upper ones rise in conjunction. Jones rises, too. Your cigar flies in the air and comes down in your eyes just in time to blind your sight as you descend from among the branches to terra firma.

"Blank, blank the blanked thing! who cut the rope, any way? Oh, excuse me, ladies." Of course you have to offer apologies at the tea table to smooth the matter over, but Miss Brown will always avoid you after that, for it is possible she had a suspicion that before the cigar struck you you saw her where the treacherous staves of the lower half of that hammock had placed her.

Reader, should you ever visit the country shun the barrel hammock. It cost one man five years of his life, a new vest and the acquaintance of a most estimable young lady. If you must use it, take it down and spread it on the grass, drive a railroad spike through each stave, and you have it.—*Cor. Newberryport (Mass.) News.*

THE SIZE OF MAN.

A Claim That He Never Had a Greater Height Than at Present.

Men of the present day have no occasion to feel humiliated, because they are not taller and larger than they are. There is no reason, in the discoveries of science, for the supposition that men, as a whole, have ever had a greater average height than they have now. For a long time, at Romans, in France, near the junction of the Isere and Rhone rivers, there existed a deposit of gigantic bones which had long been known as the "Giant's Field." In recent times bones have been exhumed there which were believed to be human, and which were said to be those of Teutobodus, the King of the Teutons, who was overcome near the spot by Marius, the Roman General. The researches of Cuvier, however, proved that these bones, together with all the others exhumed in the same place, were those of the *dinotherium giganteum*, an extinct animal of the tapir species, which measured about twenty feet in length.

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Among famous tall men was the Roman Emperor Maximin, whose stature was seven and three-quarters feet. Maximin was a young barbarian, the son of a Gothic father, who first attracted the attention of the Romans by overcoming sixteen of their strongest men, one after another, in a wrestling contest, and, having been made a centurion, fought and intrigued his way to the imperial throne.

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—The pleasantest thing in the world are pleasant thoughts, and the great art of life is to have as many of them as possible.—*Bovee.*

SONGS AND SONG-MAKERS.

Some Hitherto Unpublished Facts Concerning Popular Ballads.

Popular songs are often queer. So are their authors. But stranger still is the secret governing the public taste, by which some compositions are taken up and others rejected. Not 3 per cent. of the songs annually issued have a spark of originality about them. In this country the dozen or so publishers issue annually about 18,000 editions of songs, of between 16,000,000 and 20,000,000 of copies. This, added to the reprints of English and foreign songs, means fully thirty copies daily per capita to every teacher of music in the land. Yet out of this vast number there is not one song in 500 that reaches a popular sale of 5,000 copies, and less than one-tenth as many that exceed an issue of 300,000 copies. Here are the sales of a few well-known songs:

	Copies sold.
"Flower From Mother's Grave"	300,000
"Sweet Violets"	250,000
"Only a Pansy Blossom"	200,000
"When the Leaves Begin to Turn"	150,000
"Only to See Her Face"	130,000

Notwithstanding this apparent lack of appreciation on the part of a surfeited public, the issue of sheet music continues a profitable enterprise, rendered so by the spasmodic sale of an occasional hit, the pecuniary return of which usually overbalances losses entailed in other directions.

Since the days of Stephen C. Foster, Henry C. Work and John Howard Payne, a class of balladists has sprung into existence, the exact description of which it would be difficult to give. The array embraces almost every vocation from minstrel to mechanic. Among the more notable are Frank Howard, well-known as author of "Only a Pansy Blossom" and "When the Robins Nest Again;" David Braham, James C. Stewart, Wm. J. Scanlan, the actor; Charles Connolly, Sydney Rosenfeld, J. K. Emmet and Walter Phœnix. Rosenfeld was formerly a Philadelphia journalist, while Wm. Henderson, the writer of so many topical songs, was formerly connected with the editorial staff of the New York *Times.* These comprise only a very few of the thousand who have essayed popular song-making.

The song which stands alone in the American market in point of issues sold is the "Scotch Lassie Jean," which reached 1,000,000 copies, and is still in fair demand. Another great success was the ballad "Must We Then Meet as Strangers?" of which many editions have been printed. Still others are Tucker's pretty song, "Sweet Genevieve," "The Spanish Cavalier," "Call Me Back Again," "Sweet Forget Me Not," and "Pretty as a Picture." Then there must not be omitted Westendorf's "I'll Take Thee Back Again, Kathleen." To name the very latest popular song successes is a matter of more difficulty. The ballad that is whistled to-day by thousands may be dead and forgotten by to-morrow, while another, not quite so quick to catch the popular taste, may sell on and on, just as familiar but old stories like "Uncle Tom's Cabin" do. The latter is to-day among the best selling books in the world. Some songs approach, but they do not quite equal its lasting popularity. Following are the approximate sales of some later successes:

	Copies sold.
"Wait Till the Clouds Roll By"	200,000
"Peek-a-boo"	175,000
"When the Robins Nest Again"	140,000
"I'll Await my Love"	115,000
"Over the Garden Wall"	90,000
"Climbing up the Golden Stair"	65,000
"Hurry, Little Children, Sunday Morn'"	55,000
"Don't Leave Your Mother, Tom"	45,000

It is interesting to note how songs are made popular. Undoubtedly the stage is the great factor. A catchy ballad brought out by a prominent singer invariably produces a desire to imitate. The minstrel is, therefore, the introducer of the song. Of all the singers who have popularized musical compositions in this country Lotta stands at the head. Take the number of songs written expressly for her and see their subsequent sale in sheet form:

	Copies Sold.
"Dem Golden Slippers"	300,000
"In the Morning by the Bright Light"	260,000
"Razors in the Air"	225,000
"Come Along, Sinners"	160,000
"Swim for the Golden Shore"	60,000

How some songs came to be written is an interesting study. For several months there was a warm controversy on the authorship of "Don't Leave Your Mother, Tom." It was claimed by Miss Maud Beverly, but it turned out, as its English flavor indicated, that it was an English song altered, its old form being "Stick to Your Mother, Jack," a Yorkshire ballad of threadbare popularity as well as age. The author of "Climbing Up the Golden Stair" was a poor fellow who boarded in an attic, and got his inspiration by climbing the rickety stairs that led to it.—*Philadelphia Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

SICKENING SIGHT.

Fifty-Seven Head of Cattle Transformed Into Mountains of Mangled Flesh.

Just as the west-bound train had reached a water tank a mile west of Pine Bluffs a herd of three thousand Texas cattle was observed grazing on the adjacent prairie. The long-horned animals gazed at the locomotive a moment, and then with one accord started toward the train at a rapid gait. It was evident to the cowboys in charge of the herd that a stampede was imminent, and they endeavored to stop the mad rush of the thoroughly crazed animals. The engineer also reached the same conclusion and crowded on the steam in the effort to pass the herd before a collision should occur.

In this he failed, however, and a moment later there was a terrific shock that shook the train from end to end, and the quivering flesh of frightened cattle was being ground to pulp under the wheels of the locomotive. The cowcatcher itself worked terrific execution in plunging through the huge masses of cattle that were promiscuously piled along the track.

The locomotive was reversed as quickly as possible, when a sickening sight met the gaze of passengers. Dead and dying cattle lay strewn along the track, maimed and mangled. Many with legs partly or wholly torn off made desperate efforts to get away, while the hundreds unhurt, with tails curling in the breeze, were scattering to all points of the compass.

As soon as the train had been brought to a standstill a number of passengers who were armed with revolvers performed acts of mercy by killing crippled animals. The number of cattle killed was fifty-seven. The locomotive, strange to say, was not derailed, although considerably damaged. Removal of the carcasses necessitated a delay of over an hour.—*Cheyenne (Wyo.) Leader.*

Entirely Too Particular.

"I wish to report a case of larceny," she said as she entered the police station yesterday.

"Yes'm. When did it occur?"

"Last evening."

"At what place?"

"On a ferry boat, sir."

"What are the particulars?"

"Why, I was with a young—young man, and—"

"Oh, you were! Well, go on."

"And tell his name?"

"Of course."

"And that I never saw him before?"

"Certainly."

"Then I won't report the case, sir! You are too particular, and the ring wasn't worth over three dollars anyhow!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Keep down the suckers that start from tree-roots.

—Is there no ingenuity to devise plans whereby abundance of water may be held for time of need?—*Elmira Husbandman.*

—A liquid black lead for polishing stoves is made by adding to each pound of black lead one gill of turpentine, one gill of water, and one ounce of sugar.

—The best mode of getting rid of inferior potatoes is to feed them to the stock. If this be done every season the quality of the potatoes will be improved, the seed become better and the thrift of the stock greatly promoted.

—We ought to understand the make-up of plants and animals. In knowing this and the elements that compose them we shall more readily understand the relation existing between them, and so be the better prepared to supply to the plant through the soil those elements known to be lacking.

—When you peel oranges or lemons, dry the rinds, put them in a thin muslin sack in the pantry and use them to grate in cakes, custards, mince-meat, puddings and preserves; it is much better than the essences we buy; but be careful not to get too generous a sprinkling.—*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

—When flies and gnats are troublesome in the house, shut up doors and blow a little pure and fresh buhach through the cheap bellows that can be had anywhere. "Pure and fresh," remember, and then sweep up and burn the corpses. Keeping the powder in close tin cans is essential, as it soon looses its virtue when exposed.

—Italian Sauce: Put into a saucepan a little parsley, a shallot, some mushrooms and truffles, if to be had, chopped finely, also a piece of butter as large as a walnut; warm them together; add half a glass of white vinegar, some pepper and salt; let all boil gently for half an hour; strain and add a teaspoonful of oil.—*Boston Budget.*

—Fancy covers for the popular cheap literature of the day are made of pasteboard covered with pretty cretonne; of rough paper with title of the book written or printed upon it in color, and of soft leather or chamois. Remove the colored paper cover and paste the fresh one on securely. A ten-cent book may thus be made a fit ornament for the parlor table.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—Soup Stock: Put a beef bone weighing three pounds into three quarts of water and set on to boil. Cut up small a pound of lean ham or bacon, fry brown, then add the liquor from the bones; cover up the kettle and simmer five hours; strain through the hair sieve and set by until cold; remove the fat and it will be ready for any soup that may be required.—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

—To make pretzels, take of flour one-half pound, fresh butter one-half pound, sugar one-quarter pound, add one whole egg, one yelk of an egg, some grated lemon peel, and a tablespoonful of sweet cream. Mix thoroughly on a paste board, and mold this paste into pretzels or small wreaths; wash them over with the yelk of an egg, strew them with pounded sweet almonds, and bake them to a nice yellow color on a baking plate larded with butter.—*Good Housekeeping.*

—If a good dry clay bed can not be secured for the pigs, says a writer, it is better to retain the plank floor. But the clay floor is best, and if it can be of about the quality of dirt which will make a good brick it is better than black soil, and if it is inclined to reddishness so much the better, as then there is an assurance that it contains the muriate of iron, which is healthy for hogs, applied outwardly or inwardly.—*St. Louis Republican.*

PEOPLE WHO SAVE MONEY.

Occupations Represented Among a New York Savings Bank's Depositors.

"What class of people deposit most largely with you?" was asked of Merritt Trimble, president of the Bank for Savings.

"Oh, we are known as the servant-girls' bank. Of the new accounts opened with us in the year 1886, domestics opened with 2,023. There were 17,105 in all, of which no occupation was given in 4,911, and sundry trades 2,236."

Next to the domestics come clerks, 874. The laborers are not far behind, as there were 760 of them. Seamstresses were next, 392, and liquor-dealers with 329. Boarding-house keepers manage to save something, as 269 put a little in the bank. Bar-tenders are thrifty, but there are not so many of them as of liquor-dealers. Only 215 of them put away money. There are just seven less fruiterers in the list. Shoemakers lay by a penny or two, as 186 are among the depositors. The tobacconists follow closely, 174, and the tailors and cabinet-makers are not far behind, there being 169 of the former and 163 of the latter. Tips must be more general than is popularly supposed, as 154 waiters were among the depositors. The carpenters are a close second to the waiters, there being 151 of them, and the butchers were one more than the carpenters. The cartmen were 145 in number, the peddlers 144, bakers 143 and washers 137. It was a close shave between the barbers and musicians, but the barbers, with 133, are five ahead. The blacksmiths pounded on their anvils, and the grocers weighed on their scales to the same purpose. There are 122 of each of them, while the painters were only one behind, and the junk dealers were 118 in number. One hundred and nine porters carried their savings to the bank, 108 machinists, 106 agents and 103 watchmen. There was only one more merchant than there were bootblacks, of whom there were an even 100. Next came 99 coachmen, 91 confectioners, 87 farmers, 86 firemen, 89 police officers, 86 furriers, 71 milliners, 69 jewelers, 79 conductors, 67 bookbinders and an equal number of nurses, 62 stonecutters, 70 printers, 61 plumbers, 57 physicians, 59 hatters, 55 teachers, 46 engineers, 43 gardeners and the same number of actors and upholsterers, 48 attorneys, 38 masons, 34 druggists, 33 tinners, 32 artificial flowermakers, 30 varnishers, 28 artists and the same number of coachmakers. There were just a score of milkmen, 18 weavers, 15 coopers, 9 each of soldiers and engravers, 7 moulders, 6 each of boatmen and seamen, and 3 each of boiler-makers, ostlers and oystermen.

This makes seventy-one different occupations. There were grouped under "various trades" as many more, and in those not named there were probably one-half as many more, so that about 175 different occupations out of the 218 mentioned in the last census saved money and put it away on interest in one savings bank. If the occupations of the depositors in all the savings banks were given without doubt all the occupations would be found to be represented.

The larger number of depositors put in between $20 and $30 each, the next largest from $100 to $200 and the next from $10 to $20. There were 1,884 that put in between $1 and $5.

Of the depositors 2,626 were married women, 1,901 single women, 1,264 widows, 1,606 minors and 131 colored persons. The largest number of deposits were made in June.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

SOWING GRASS SEED.

A Subject That Needs to Be Studied by the Great Majority of Farmers.

As a rule, the sowing of grass of various kinds is made with some grain crop, and usually in the fall with wheat or rye. This method, however, is not just to the grass, nor is it favorable for the best results to the seeding. The so-called foster crop very often robs the grass and exhausts the soil of its needed nutriment, and a very poor catch is the result. If the soil is thoroughly well prepared by manuring and sufficient tillage, the two crops may grow together very well, and the grass make a good stand. But this is seldom the case except with a few farmers, who need no advice or suggestion upon the subject. The great majority of farmers need to study this subject, and understand the requirements of grass for its successful culture.

The preparation of the soil should be very thorough. The land should be plowed deeply, and a liberal coat of manure turned under, not buried, but with the furrows laid over at an angle of forty-five degrees, so that the manure lies between the layers of soil standing on edge in a sloping manner. The harrow, run along the furrows, works the soil and manure together, mixing them and making them fine and compact. The harrowing should be continued until the whole surface is as smooth as a garden, and the soil is quite fine. If the land is clayey and lumpy, it should be rolled between the harrowings.

Sowing the seed alone is preferable. If any grain crop at all is used, it should be oats in the spring, or buckwheat early in July, as may be most convenient. Excellent seeding has been made early in August with a pound of turnip seed to the acre. This shelters the young grass during the winter, and dying, the turnips decay in the spring and afford a most useful fertilizer for the crop. Timothy and clover, and orchard grass and clover, and the three kinds mixed, and orchard grass alone, have been sown in all of these three ways with better results than when sown with fall grain and subjected to the risks of the winter weather.

In sowing grass and clover seed an even stand is desirable, and to secure this, great care is to be taken in the sowing. A very good practice is to make the last harrowing with great care, evenly and with the marks all parallel. Then the sower can follow these marks, first taking the edge of the field and returning six short paces distant from the first course. Then returning on the second course, and always sowing with the right hand to the left. Six feet from each is cast as much as can be taken with light seed, as orchard grass, blue grass, red-top, etc., and as much as should be taken with timothy, and the quantity of seed taken may be readily guaged to the width of the cast. The cast is made with each movement of the right foot. When the wind is blowing, even slightly, the casts should be made low, to avoid irregular dropping of the seed, and when the light seeds are sown it is easier to walk across the harrow marks when the tracks made are easily seen, and as the wind may carry the seed to one side, the sower may go out of the straight track to accommodate the wind, and on returning can easily distinguish the foot marks of the previous track in the soft soil.

A broadcast seeder is a convenient implement, and costs but little, and can be carried by the sower with ease. It drops the seed low, and if the sower goes face to the wind at the start, the seed is not spread unevenly. When, in spite of all care, an irregular seeding is anticipated, it is well to sow half the seed one way, and cross the sowing the other way, when vacant spaces may be covered. An inexperienced sower should practice on the snow, using sand, which can be easily seen on the white surface, and in two or three attempts he will be able to make the sowing quite evenly.

The sowing should be done as soon as the last harrowing is finished, when the seed sinks in the loose soil, or is covered by the first shower. A smoothing plank is a good thing to cover seed with. It may be eight or ten feet long, and is fitted with a tongue and two stiff braces. The tongue is fitted to the plank on the level, so that when it is raised the front end of the plank is elevated a little. This prevents the plank from gathering stones or seeds in front of it, and causes it to ride over them. It leaves a smooth, even surface.—*American Agriculturist.*

SYSTEM IN FARMING.

The Importance of True Economy in Agricultural Occupations.

There is no trade or occupation in life which true economy is as important as in farming. By economy we do not mean stinginess or denying one's self the common comforts of life. The farmer who practices it can not expect to command the esteem and respect of his fellow-men, nor retain it himself. Nor is it necessary in this connection to admonish farmers of the importance and necessity of saving what they make, and of turning into ready cash all kinds of products not needed on the farm. But it is the little economies to which we would now more particularly direct the attention of farmers.

In the first place, the economical farmer, is necessarily a neat farmer. He can not afford to allow weeds and briers to grow up in his fence corners to rob the soil of its fertility and rot his fences. He can not afford to allow his gates and farm implements to go to rack for the want of a little repair; his farm buildings to do the same for the want of a little seeing to, well knowing that much of the value of his property depends upon its appearance.

Take any two farms of the same number of acres lying in the same neighborhood, and composed of the same character of land, the one with its fencing (were it not for the briers and weeds that support it) about to tumble down, its fields inconveniently located, its buildings in a state of dilapidation without any approach or lawn to give an air of comfort to the premises, and the other with all these improvements plainly in view, and the differences in the market value of the two will be from twenty to thirty per cent. in favor of the latter, simply on account of its neatness. Another essential point in economical farming is system. In no business is it more necessary to success. Haphazard farming may, it is true, earn a living, such as it is, for the time being, but can never lay up any thing for a "rainy day." The methodical man, however, always knows his business, and can so arrange it as to accomplish what he has to do with much less inconvenience, expense or labor than he who farms it in a desultory, slipshod manner. There must be system in doing every thing pertaining to the farm; system in doing every thing in time; system in having a place for every thing, and every thing in its place; system in not putting off any thing until to-morrow that can be done to-day; system in planning, in working, in grain-growing, in stock-breeding and feeding; in short, system in every thing.—*Baltimore Sun.*

—Water Crackers—One pound of flour, three ounces of butter, add sweet milk or water to make a stiff paste; beat until smooth with a rolling pin, roll thin, cut in small round cakes and bake.—*Toledo Blade.*

WHAT IS HYPNOTISM?

The Way It Was Discovered and Explained by an English Physician.

In 1841 James Braid was in practice as a physician at Manchester. Thither came La Fontaine lecturing on mesmerism and performing experiments of the familiar type, illustrating the theory of the stronger will and the dominant idea. Braid was interested in the lectures, suspected the experiments to be impostures, and declared the theory to be false. He worked at the subject himself, and in the years following issued several books containing most remarkable experiences regarding what he called neuro-hypnotism, but which after him was for a long time known as Braidism and is now described in all the dictionaries and text books as hypnotism. Braid found that most of the phenomena could be self-induced. That a man, so to speak, could mesmerize himself by fixing his gaze on some inanimate object and concentrating his attention. He thus, to his satisfaction, proved the subjective nature of the influence. To talk of animal magnetism from an inanimate object was absurd. Braidism met with much opposition. It was furiously attacked by the mesmerists, whose very citadel it threatened, and it was received with horror by a large section of the public, who refused to believe in the possibility of its phenomena. There was no mystery as to the method of procedure. All that Braid did was to take any bright object, such as his lancet case, between the thumb and fore and middle fingers of the left hand, and hold it from eight to fifteen inches from the eyes of the patient in such a position above the forehead as was necessary to produce the greatest strain on the eyes and eyelids. On this bright point the patient was to stare fixedly. In ordinary cases in fifteen seconds, if the patient's limbs were lifted they would evince a tendency to remain in the position to which they had been raised; in a few seconds more a strange feeling of exaltation would spread through him; in a few seconds more he would be asleep and insensible to pain.

There never is any thing new, and, of course, there was nothing new in Braid's discovery. The magicians used to hypnotize their believers by making them gaze at the scratches on the crystal sphere. The Egyptian priests hypnotized theirs by making them stare at the mystic signs on the bright metal mirror. The anchorites lifted their eyes fixedly to the firmament and went off into ecstacy. The monks of Mount Athos hung their heads and looked downward until they felt their senses swimming away, and the Indian ascetics of 1887 gain hypnotic power by squinting at the tips of their noses, as their ancestors have done for ages. * * * As to mesmerizing animals with the "passes," which, granting Braid's theory, is the same thing as hypnotizing them, there are innumerable examples. The iguana can be hypnotized, so can the cobra, so can the turtle. Secure their fixed attention for a minute or two and they are helpless. As it is with an animal so it is with a man. Hold his undivided attention for a short period and he will fall away into a state resembling catalepsy. Let him look at a glittering piece of glass, a diamond stud or an emerald pin, and before his eyes have begun to ache he will collapse. There is a case on record of a student who was told he would be hypnotized from a distance at four o'clock on a certain day. He was to look at the clock a little before to see how the time was going. An umpire, a well-known physician, was told off to watch him. At a minute or two to four he looked at the clock, and his gaze became fixed, and as the clock struck he fell back as if he had been sent to sleep with full mesmeric honors.

It does not suit every body to hypnotize, nor does it suit every body to be hypnotized. The beginner, "for fun," may find the patient go off into convulsions, and refuse to be "awakened by a tap or a puff;" so it is best to leave experimenting to competent medical practitioners.—*Leisure Hours.*

GAVE UP AT LAST.

The Straw Which Broke a Dakota Settler's Proud Spirit.

A Dakota settler who had had bad luck financially was finally taken sick. A friend called to see him and said to his wife:

"I was surprised to hear of your husband's sickness—I thought he was remarkably strong and healthy."

"Yes, John was always very healthy, but he got so discouraged at last that it jes' made him sick."

"But he was always of such a cheerful and buoyant disposition I never expected to see him give up this way."

"Yes, John was always mighty gritty. When the barn burnt up an' killed the new team he never said a word, but jes' braced up an' built another barn an' got another team."

"Yes, I remember he did."

"Then when the house burnt he didn't complain a bit, but went to living in a tent jes' as cheerful."

"I know it."

"When the farm was sold on a mortgage an' the children were all took sick John kep' right up as happy as ever."

"Yes, that's so."

"By'n'by the sheriff took the cow an' cook-stove, an' a wagon run over John's foot an' smashed it, but still he didn't 'pear to be a bit discouraged."

"I know he didn't."

"Then our oldest girl run away an' married a corn-doctor, both our horses died, John got beat on a law-suit an' fell down an' broke his leg. Still he held his head right up an' said he'd come out on top yet."

"Yes; well, what was it that could possibly have occurred to break his spirit and make him sick at last?"

"He had to sell the old black dog for fifty cen's to git money to buy flour, an' the man just bought him for his hide an' nothing else, an' we know it! Just as soon as John saw the man tie old Tige under the wagon he come right in and throwed himself on the bed an' says he: 'Samanthy, that's too much to stand—I won't never git off'n this bed a live man!' I reckon I won't be long follerin' him—you orter seen the way old Tige could take a hog by the ear an' swing it right around in a circle!"—*Dakota Bell.*

Boston's Jumbo Gorilla.

Boston has just received from Africa the largest gorilla ever landed in this country. His name is Jack, and he is five feet in height when standing erect, and measures seven feet from the end of one outstretched hand to the other. He weighs about one hundred and twenty-five pounds, and exhibits enormous strength, compared with which that of man seems like a child's. He arrived in a large box made of planking two and a half inches thick, and when being removed from the ship he tore large splinters from the hardwood planks with as much ease as a child would break a twig. The hair, which is very coarse and from two to four inches in length, is of a greenish-gray color, and on the back, legs and arms inclines to a black. His shoulders are immense. The expression of the face, which is black, is scowling. The eyes are small, sunken in the head, and the lips large and thin.—*N. Y. Sun.*

IN COLONIAL TIMES.

Two Systems of White Slavery Once Prevailing in This Country.

Many persons who consider themselves familiar with the history of this country are not aware that in the last century white men, women and children were held in bondage; that the colonial laws in favor of such servitude were as explicit and severe as were those in support of negro slavery. Such white persons owing a personal service to individual masters were generally known as "term slaves," though their legal status was represented by the word "redemptioner."

Isaac Weld, Jr., in his book of travels in America, published in the last century, asserts that it was the custom of shipmasters at Rotterdam and the Hanse towns to inveigle the people on to their vessels, under promise of free passage to America. On reaching the colonies announcement of the arrival of mechanics and laborers would be made, and persons in want of such would flock to the ships, and the poor Germans would be sold to the highest bidder, the captains pocketing the proceeds.

Redemptioners constituted in the early part of the eighteenth century a peculiar feature of colonial anxiety. They were recruited from among all manner of people in the old world, and through this channel Europe emptied upon America not only the virtuous poor and oppressed of her population, but the vagrants, felons and the dregs of her communities. There was thus established among the first settlers a society that, in many places, was almost imbued with a moral pestilence. Among the redemptioners, however, were a fair proportion of sturdy souls, strong in purpose and endeavor, who appreciated the great opportunity created for them by this complete change of life and country. At the expiration of their term of service many, by thrift and industry, elevated themselves to respectable positions, and were absorbed in the middle class.

There were two kinds of redemptioners—"indented servants," who had bound themselves to their masters for a term previous to leaving the old country, and "free-willers," who, being without money and desirous of emigrating, agreed with the captains of ships to allow themselves or their families to be sold on arrival for the captain's advantage, and thus repay costs of passage and other expenses. The former—indented servants—were often trapped into their engagements by corrupt agents at home who persuaded them all under false promises of tender and humane treatment, and assurances of remunerative employment at expiration of service, which would insure a competent provision for the remainder of their days. The emigrants often discovered on arrival that the advantages to be obtained in America had been painted by the agents in much too alluring colors. Frequently their masters forced them to most rigid labor and exercised an unnecessary severity.

The free-willers suffered even worse treatment at the hands of shipmasters and agents. They were led to believe that on arrival in America their services would be eagerly solicited by persons who would gladly pay the cost of their passages; which being only £9, the emigrants would soon be able to repay, and thus secure their liberty and all the enjoyment and prosperity that the new country afforded to adventurers. Agreements were entered into whereby these deluded ones bound themselves that if, on arrival, they did not succeed within a certain number of days in securing employment on their own terms, they could be sold for a term of years to defray the charges for their passages. Alas! the "free-willers," with rare exceptions, had a rude awakening on reaching the colonies. Under their agreements the captains had a legal lien on the persons of the emigrants until the ship charges were paid; consequently they were not allowed to go on shore, but were exposed to view on deck to the people who came on board in search of servants. Except in cases of extraordinary qualifications, very few of them were happy enough to make their own stipulations, and they found themselves sold for several years of tedious labor and servitude.

The terms and conditions of service differed in the different colonies. Among the archives of the Pennsylvania Historical Society are some original bonds, or agreements, between ship captains and redemptioners. From them we learn that the usual price paid in that colony for three years' service was £21 1s. and 6d. When his time had expired a man was entitled to receive two suits of clothes, a grubbing hoe, a weeding hoe, and a new axe. Children sold for from £8 to £10, and their masters were required to see that they were taught to read and write, and had at least one quarter's schooling.—*N. Y. Star.*

THE LIMEKILN CLUB.

Brother Gardner Intimates That He Is Perfectly Satisfied With This World.

"I wish de world would let me alone fur a couple of weeks," said Brother Gardner, as the echoes of the triangle died away. "It has got to dat pass whar' I am constantly lookin' fur sunthin' to happen, an' it is w'arin' on my narves.

"Ebery Monday mawnin' we kin look in de papers fur an item to de effeck dat de cholera am sartin to reach dis kentry.

"On Tuesday mawnin' we kin expeck to find dat somebody has diskibered a new comet, and dat said comet ar' gwine to switch his tail around an' knock dis kentry all to smash.

"On Wednesday mawnin' we ar' purty sartin to find a medical report to de effeck dat consumpshun has increased fifty per cent. in dis kentry in de las' five y'ars, an' dat cull'd men all ober de kentry am droppin' dead wid heart disease.

"Thursday am de reg'lar day fur predictin' tidal waves, cyclones an' finanshul panics.

"Friday ar' sartin to bring de news dat de coal fields of de world will be exhausted in about 252,000 y'ars, ebery stick of wood be gone a y'ar later, an' dat de cull'd populashun kin prepare fur a sorrowful time.

"Saturday eands up de week wid a railroad slaughter, a big hotel fiah, a steamboat collishun an' de statement dat de germs of yaller fever hev appeared in watermellyons. Dis puts us all in a good frame of mind, an' when we go to church on Sunday an' h'ar de preacher tell how glad we orter be dat we ar' 'lowed to lib frew de week we feel dat he has struck de key-note.

"I tell you. I doan' care two cents whether de sun am 93,000,000 miles from de airth, or only 92,990,000. I doan' know whether de moon am inhabited or not, an' I doan' propose to lose any sleep ober it. Dis kentry may hev 2,000 miles of coast exposed to de attack of a furrein iron-clad, but I ain't gwine to git up one minit airlier in de mawnin'. It may be dat de intelleck-tual standard of de world has decreased ten per cent. in de las' decade, but I'se gwine to keep right on buyin' de same grade of codfish from de same grocer. Insanity may be gainin' ground at de rate of five per cent. per y'ar, but me an' de ole woman am gwine to smoke de same kind of terbacker an' soothe our corns wid de same make ob salve."—*Detroit Free Press.*

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—Among the sixty-six graduates from Amherst this year was a Japanese student.

—Longing for goodness does not bring it. It is to be sought after with all the might.

—America is growing better. The church attendance for 1887 was twenty per cent over that of 1886.

—Some of his children must go into the furnace to testify that the son of God is there with them.—*E. Prentice.*

—Every man has in himself a continent of undiscovered character. Happy is he who acts the Columbus of his own soul!

—He who shall introduce into public affairs the principles of primitive Christianity will revolutionize the world.—*Benjamin Franklin.*

—The women of the Presbyterian Church of this country are said to have raised in the past sixteen years, $2,150,000 for missions.

—Rev. Dr. Happer has secured $100,000 toward founding a Christian College in China and expects to open the institution next January.

—Doing good to our fellow-men makes a greater impression on most of them than any other course open to us.—*Central Christian Advocate.*

—Depend upon it; in the midst of all the science about the world and its ways, and all the ignorance of God and His greatness, the man or woman who can say, "Thy will be done," with true heart forgiving us, is nearer the secret of things than the geologist or theologian.—*George Macdonald.*

—The trustees of Harvard University, Senator Geo. F. Hoar, ex-Speaker Winthrop, Profs. Putnam, Heaton and others, have bought for $4,000 sixty acres of land in Bratton Township, Adams County, O., on which is situated the Serpent Mound. The party will make a National Park of the tract.—*N. W. Christian Advocate.*

—If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust, but if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellow-men, we engrave on those tablets something that will brighten to all eternity.—*Daniel Webster.*

—The Tabernacle Baptist Church, New York, has received in form of a loan what is in reality a gift of $65,000, of which $30,000 is from Mr. Rockefeller, $30,000 from Mr. J. A. Bostwick and $5,000 from Mrs. Bishop. The interest to be paid to each is $1 a year, and no foreclosure will be made so long as the church is maintained as "a regular Baptist house of worship."

—Rev. Dr. Tillett, of Vanderbilt University, recently visited a Mormon Sunday-school while in Salt Lake City. As he entered the infant class department a temporary teacher was saying: "Well, boys, where is your teacher?" They all replied promptly in concert: "In the penitentiary." The teacher then asked: "Is he there for doing right or for doing wrong?" All replied: "For doing right." Dr. Tillett learned afterward that the man in question was serving a term for bigamy.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—The greatest homage we can pay to truth is to use it.—*Emerson.*

—The man who blows out the gas is anxious to know what they feed mock turtles on.

—Whenever I find myself covetous of something that I have not, I can effect a cure by recollecting what I have.

—Tramp—"Are you going in bathing, sir?" Gentleman—"Yes." Tramp—"Shall I hold your pocket-book?"—*Tid-Bits.*

—Problem in arithmetic—If a man gets full when he has a half holiday, what would he get if he had a whole holiday?—*Charlestown Enterprise.*

—Der feller dot can vhittle a pooty goot character out of der rough chibs of efery day life, he vas enditled to haf a goot abetite on his tomb shtone.—*Pretzel's Weekly.*

—Do not think a lesson learned until you have found some thought that seems particularly to fit your needs. Each lesson holds such a thought, if we but find it. Seek!

—So great a happiness do I esteem it to be loved, that I really fancy every blessing, both from gods and men, ready to descend spontaneously upon him who is loved—*Xenophon.*

Little Dick.—I don't want to do that. Omaha mamma—But you must. "Why?" "Because I say so." "What's the reason I have to mind you? I ain't your husband."—*Omaha World.*

—Lawyer—There is a fearful wind coming in at that window. Office boy—Shure an' I will jist open the ither wan, too, so the wind can go on through an' not bother ye.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—In a breech of promise suit in Ohio the girl showed up 745 letters for 120 days of love. That was over six letters per day, and yet the young man kept saying he wished he could find time to drop her a line now and then.

—"Thought," says Dr. Munger, "may stay behind silent lips, but when it becomes feeling it runs to expression." We have noticed this in cases of men who thought they were hitting a nail, but who felt that they had mashed their fingers.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

—A middle-aged man at the beach, whose wife thought the water too cold for bathing that day, encouraged her in a novel way. "No, Meriar," he said, pointing to some iron waste pipes that entered the water where he stood, "don't you see? They're a-runnin' hot water into the ocean an' heatin' of her up."

—His ticker brought more tick:

When I was young, and all was well
I used to live on tick,
As merry as a marrige bell,
Until my wife took sick.
Then I was broke; my darling wife
From day to day grew sicker,
And I was forced, to save her life,
To live upon my "ticker."
—*Detroit Free Press.*

—"Did ye ever hear the story of Pat and his employer?" asked a hackman as he declined to drink the third time. "No; tell us it, Vanderbilt," remarked the driver's "fare." "Well, Pat was out wid his master wan day and was asked to drink. He did. Then again, and he did. The third time Pat declined, and as he did so said what I think is very thrue, gentlemen: 'Wan, Sur, is good. Two 's betther. But three is not haif enough.'"—*Philadelphia Call.*

A Careful Nurse-Girl.

The Hibernian's idea of being careful is sometimes rather peculiar. A lady who had recently engaged an Irish nurse-maid said to her one day, while walking in the garden:

"Mary, wrap the baby up very carefully, and bring him out to me."

"Yis, mum," glibly replied Mary, and straightway departed.

She presently returned, bringing the infant bundled and bound in a shawl-strap.

"You unfeeling creature!" shrieked the poor mother, frantically. "You will kill the child!"

"Not at all, mum, not at all. You towld me to be careful, an I am. The choild was so hivvy, I thought a shawl shtrap was the safest way to carry him."—*Youth's Companion.*

NOTICE!

Our accounts for 1887 to July 1st are ready, and those who are indebted to us will please call and settle at once.

COVINGTON, ARNOLD & BRO.

N. B.—Those who owe us for 1885 will save cost by calling at once

July6-tf C. A. & Bro.

E. B. WALLACE,

BUILDER

—AND—

CONTRACTOR,

—Is prepared to do all kinds of—

BUILDING AND CONTRACT WORK

—AT THE MOST—

Reasonable Rates

and in the best manner. He is a thoroughly educated Carpenter and builder, and those contemplating building will do well to secure an estimate from him.

Office at his residence on Hallie Irvine Street.

July22-tf.

FOR MAN AND BEAST!

Mexican Mustang Liniment

CURES

Sciatica, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Burns, Scalds, Stings, Bites, Bruises, Bunions, Corns, Scratches, Sprains, Strains, Stitches, Stiff Joints, Backache, Galls, Sores, Spavin Cracks, Contracted Muscles, Eruptions, Hoof Ail, Screw Worms, Swinney, Saddle Galls, Piles.

THIS GOOD OLD STAND-BY accomplishes for everybody exactly what is claimed for it. One of the reasons for the great popularity of the Mustang Liniment is found in its universal applicability. Everybody needs such a medicine.

The Lumberman needs it in case of accident.
The Housewife needs it for general family use.
The Canaler needs it for his teams and his men.
The Mechanic needs it always on his work bench.
The Miner needs it in case of emergency.
The Pioneer needs it—can't get along without it.
The Farmer needs it in his house, his stable, and his stock yard.
The Steamboat man or the Boatman needs it in liberal supply afloat and ashore.
The Horse-fancier needs it—it is his best friend and safest reliance.
The Stock-grower needs it—it will save him thousands of dollars and a world of trouble.
The Railroad man needs it and will need it so long as his life is a round of accidents and dangers.
The Backwoodsman needs it. There is nothing like it as an antidote for the dangers to life, limb and comfort which surround the pioneer.
The Merchant needs it about his store among his employees. Accidents will happen, and when these come the Mustang Liniment is wanted at once.
Keep a Bottle in the House. 'Tis the best of economy.
Keep a Bottle in the Factory. Its immediate use in case of accident saves pain and loss of wages.
Keep a Bottle Always in the Stable for use when wanted.

june23tf

DOUGLAS

The -:-Butcher

Is prepared to supply his customers with the best

Steaks, Pork, Sausage and Mutton

AT THE LOWEST PRICES

june22tf

NEW BAR ROOM

I have just opened a New Bar Room on First Street. Fine

WHISKIES, BRANDIES, CIGARS, ETC

Constantly on Hand.

CALL AND SEE ME.

John McKenna

june22

KEEP COOL!

John Dykes will furnish ice to the citizens of Richmond and vicinity this season. Now is the time to make contracts for delivery. His headquarters are at the grocery store of J. E. Dykes, on North Second St.

apr 13 tf.

Commercial College of KY. UNIVERSITY, LEXINGTON, KY.

Cheapest & Best Business College in the World.

Highest Honor and Gold Medal over all other Colleges at World's Exposition ... Short-Hand, Type-Writing & Telegraphy ... No Vacation. ... Wilbur R. Smith, Pres't, Lexington, Ky.

june 22 tf.

HOOD'S
COMPOUND EXTRACT OF
SARSAPARILLA
TRADE MARK

The importance of purifying the blood cannot be overestimated, for without pure blood you cannot enjoy good health.

At this season nearly every one needs a good medicine to purify, vitalize, and enrich the blood, and we ask you to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. It strengthens and builds up the system, creates an appetite, and tones the digestion, while it eradicates disease. The peculiar combination, proportion, and preparation of the vegetable remedies used give to Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiar curative powers. No other medicine has such a record of wonderful cures. If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other instead. It is a Peculiar Medicine, and is worthy your confidence.

Peculiar **To Itself**

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

WINNEMUCCA Bottling Works.

HENRY BUSCH, PROPRIETOR.

Keeps constanly on hand freshly manufactured
SODA WATER,
SARSAPARILLA,
GINGER ALE, Etc., Etc.

All kinds of MINERAL WATER constantly on hand.

SYRUPS

Of every desirable flavor, and the celebrated

CHAMPAGNE CIDER.

The continuance of his wholesale and retail customers is solicited, and all are invited to visit my salesrooms.

HENRY BUSCH.

Winnemucca, May 2, 1885. tf

MILL CITY AND UNIONVILLE STAGE LINE.

Stages leave Mill City for Unionville on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 7:30 o'clock A. M.

Persons desiring to visit Unionville on other than stage days, can be accommodated by notifying the undersigned, by letter or telegraph, the evening previous.

PETER ORGAN,
Proprietor Mill City and Unionville Stage Line.
Mill City, Feb. 28, 1887. tf

HOMER DAVIS.
Blacksmith

—AND—

WAGON MAKER!

NEAR THE DEPOT, WINNEMUCCA, NEV

Freight, Light and Spring WAGONS Made to Order.

AGENT FOR THE CELEBRATED

STUDEBAKER WAGONS.

These Wagons have the genuine Concord axles, are fully warranted, and will be sold as low as the ordinary Wagons.

Examine the STUDEBAKER WAGON, and ask for prices before purchasing elsewhere.

Hardwood Lumber, Iron, CUMBERLAND COAL.

Always on hand and for sale at prices to suit times.

se18tf HOMER DAVIS.

HENRY G. RULE,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
PARADISE, NEVADA,
Office in Weighel's Hotel.

Acknowledgments taken. Collections made. Protests filed. All kinds of Land Business promptly attended to.

Agent for **Pacific Mutual Life and Accident Insurance Company** of California, Fireman's Fund Insurance Company; Pennsylvania Fire Insurance Company; and Phenix of Brooklyn.

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY, with Dennison's Patent Index; Noyes' Book-Holder; HILL'S MANUAL; and the American reprint

Of the ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITTANICA; and others of Bancroft & Co's Publications.

o25tf

40 VEHICLES FOR SALE.

The undersigned has FORTY VEHICLES ranging in size and style from a 15,000-Freight Wagon to a single-seat Buggy, which he will sell for cash or exchange for horses or barley.

Farmers and others, desiring Spring Wagons of almost any style, can be accommodated by calling on me at the Fashion Livery stables.

ALEX. WISE.

Winnemucca, August 7, 1885.

ELEPHANT MYTHS.

The attention of Greek and Roman naturalists was early drawn to the tusks and bones of fossil elephants, which are so abundant in the soil of Europe, from which they constructed vast giants. Thus we have the bones of Orestes dug up at Tegea by the Spartans, the skeleton of Antæus in Mauritania, that of Ajax in Asia Minor, a giant forty-six cubits high found in Crete, and a host of others. Herodotus, Strabo, Pliny and Philostratus give much space to descriptions of these monsters. Even the Christian fathers did not disdain to make use of these tales. St. Augustine, in proof of the greater statue of the Antediluvians, says: "I myself, along with some others, saw on the shore at Utica a man's molar tooth of such size that, if it were cut down into teeth such as we have, a hundred, I fancy, could have been made out of it."

Mediæval literature abounds in giants. A monstrous one was found in England in 1171; the bones of Polyphemus were dug up in Sicily, and from time to time such remains were discovered all over Europe, and as the finders always knew the particular individual to whom the bones belonged, many duly labeled were hung up in the churches. Thus an elephant's shoulder-blade did duty for St. Christopher in a Venetian church, and the bones of Teutobocchus, King of the Teutons (now known to be a mastodon's skeleton), were, according to Mazuya, found in a brick tomb bearing the inscription, "Teutobocchus rex." Felix Plater's famous giant, which still figures in the arms of Lucerne, arose from some elephant remains found in 1577. A large elephant's tooth was sent from Constantinople to Vienna and offered to the emperor for two thousand thalers. The discoverers pretended to have found it in a subterranean chamber at Jerusalem which bore the Chaldean inscription: "Here lies the giant Og." But this was too great a strain on the faith of a very credulous age, and the emperor declined to purchase because, as Lambecius quaintly says, "The whole thing looked very like an imposition."

Don Quixote supported his chivalrous beliefs with similar evidence. "In the island of Sicily," he says, "there have been found long bones, and shoulder-bones so huge that their size manifests their owners to have been giants, and as big as great towers; for this truth geometry sets beyond doubt." But the catalogue of mediæval giants would fill a volume, and a very considerable literature on "gigantology" dates from that time. The learned, however, did not always accept these myths. One favorite way of escaping the difficulty was to declare fossil bones and teeth to be mere sports of nature generated in the earth by the "tumultuous movements of terrestrial exhalations," as was held by the famous anatomist of Padue, Falloppio (1550), who even went so far as to consider the remains of Roman art mere natural impressions stamped on the soil. Father Kircher (1680) adopts the same notion, and ridicules the idea of such monstrous giants, adding that he had himself seen these teeth in all stages of manufacture. Swift satirizes this school, whose professors "have invented this wonderful solution of all difficulties, to the unspeakable advancement of human knowledge."—Prof. W. B. Scott, in Scribner's Magazine for April.

A revision of the west-bound freight tariff, to take effect under the Interstate law, shows a reduction from 50 to 42½ cents per hundred pounds between Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and Chicago, Illinois. This reduction was not expected by shippers.

The popular blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla, is having a tremendous sale this season. Nearly everybody takes it. Try it yourself.

THE PALACE
SALOON.

Bridge Street, Winnemucca Nevada.

FINE WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

d19

FREE TREATISE For the weak, Nervous and Debilitated; how to regain Health, Strength and vigor. **HOME TREATMENT** For nervous and Mental Diseases. TRIAL SET. Address DR. J. W. BATE & CO.,

d28-1y 283 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

CASTORIA
for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 182 Fulton Street, N. Y.

RAILROAD
MEAT MARKET,
BRIDGE STREET, WINNEMUCCA
GEORGE BERK, Proprietor.

My patrons will find the Railroad Market supplied with the very best quality of

BEEF, PORK, MUTTON, VEAL, ETC.,

To be found in the State. My prices will be found reasonable.

Meats shipped to all points on the Railroad and all orders promptly filled.

'78 tf GIVE ME A CALL.

CITY BREWERY
Second Street, Winnemucca, Nevada.

JOHN DIEHL ....PROPRIETOR.

I beg leave to inform the citizens of Winnemucca that I am now established in the BREWING BUSINESS, and will keep constantly on hand a first-class article of

PURE LAGER BEER

Made from the best quality of malt and hops.

Lager Beer Delivered Daily

To customers in all parts of the town of Winnemucca.

Orders from points along the railroad or elsewhere will be filled without delay.

Send orders to JOHN DIEHL, City Brewery.

Winnemucca, May 14, 1884. tf

F. PEDRONI,
BRIDGE STREET, WINNEMUCCA.

PRACTICAL
WATCHMAKER
—AND—
J-E-W-E-L-E-R.—

All kinds of complicated Watches Cleaned and Repaired, and warranted for one year.

All kinds of Watches procured from the manufactories for my customers, at short notice.

French Clocks, Musical Boxes, Organs, and Fine Jewelry Repaired. au18-f5

O **The BUYERS' GUIDE is issued Sept. and March, each year. 312 pages, 8½x11½ inches, with over 3,500 illustrations — a whole Picture Gallery. GIVES Wholesale Prices** *direct to consumers* **on all goods for personal or family use. Tells how to order, and gives exact cost of everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. These INVALUABLE BOOKS contain information gleaned from the markets of the world. We will mail a copy FREE to any address upon receipt of 10 cts. to defray expense of mailing. Let us hear from you. Respectfully,**

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.
227 & 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

ENGLISH
MEDICAL DISPENSARY
NERVOUS CHRONIC PRIVATE DISEASES
FOLLIES EXCESSES SPEEDILY CURED

Nervous Debility, Seminal Weakness, Exhausted Vitality, Lost Manhood, and all the terrible effects of drinking intoxicating liquors and of self-abuse and excesses in maturer years, such as nocturnal emissions, loss of memory, dimness of vision, aversion to society, the vital fluid passing unobserved in the urine, and other symptoms that lead to insanity and death. **Young and Middle-aged Men** suffering from the above should consult us at once. **Cure guaranteed in all such cases. CONSULTATION FREE.** Chemical Analysis, including thorough microscopic examination of the urine, $5. An honest opinion given in all cases. We furnish **The Great English Remedy, Sir Astley Cooper's Vital Restorative**, at $3 a bottle, or four times the quantity, $10.

SAMPLE BOTTLE FREE

To anyone stating symptoms, sex and age. Address **ENGLISH MEDICAL DISPENSARY, No. 11 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California.** f11-tf

DR. JORDAN'S
Museum of Anatomy,
751 Market Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Go and learn how to avoid disease, and how wonderfully you are made. Private office, 211 Geary street. Consultation on Lost Manhood and all Diseases of Men.

Send for Book. n5tf

L. A. KENT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office in Mrs. Crook's Building, Main Street, Winnemucca.

Office Hours: From 10 A. M. to 12 o'clock M.; from 1 P. M. to 4 P. M.; and from 7 P.M. to 9 P.M. jy25-tf

T. C. HANSON, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

OFFICE AT THE EAGLE DRUG STORE.

Office Hours—From 10 A. M. to 12 o'clock M. from 1 to 3 P. M. and from 7 to 9 P. M. n27

J. A. HANNAH. J. H. MACMILLAN.
MacMILLAN & HANNAH,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW.

Office in the Court-house.

Winnemucca January 3, 1883 tf

S. J. BONNIFIELD, JR.,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.

Will practice in all the State and Federal Courts of Nevada

Office in the Court House. s1-tf

M. S. BONNIFIELD,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.
WINNEMUCCA, NEVADA.

Will practice in all the Courts in the State. aug.13-tf

WM. S. BONNIFIELD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WINNEMUCCA, NEVADA
jy6-tf

W. E. BOWEN,
CIVIL ENGINEER,
—AND—
COUNTY SURVEYOR
OF HUMBOLDT COUNTY, NEVADA.

Offices at Winnemucca and Spring City, Nev.

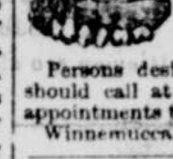
Orders left at the County Recorder's Office will receive prompt attention. ja4

R. G. WHEELER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, PARADISE, NEV.,

Will practice in Justices' Courts. Collecting and conveyancing a specialty. n5

J. F. FREEMONTD,
Carpenter and Cabinet-Maker,
—AND—
Proprietor of Coffin Room.

Will attend to all kinds of Wood Work. Bridge Street, Paradise, Nev.



T. J. BOLDEN, D. D. S.,
RESIDENT DENTIST,
Office on Bridge Street.

Persons desiring fine, reliable Dental Work should call at once, as the Doctor has special appointments to fill in adjoining towns.

Winnemucca, March 16, 1886

HUMBOLDT LODGE, NO. 16, I. O. O. F.

REGULAR MEETINGS every Thursday Evening at their Hall in Staunton's new building, at 7½ o'clock, until further notice.

J. J. HILL, N. G.

FERD. RIED, Secretary.

F. & A. M.

Stated communications of Winnemucca Lodge No. 13, F. & A. M., will be held at their Hall in Staunton's new building, until further notice, at 7½ o'clock P. M. on the first Saturday evening of each month.

All Master Masons in good standing are cordially invited to attend.

I. N. LEVY, W. M.

J. L. MAY, Secretary.

R. A. M.

Humboldt Chapter, R. A. M.—Stated convocations on the first Wednesday of each month, at their Hall, in Staunton's Building.

J. L. MAY, H. P.

F. N. LEVY, Secretary

PROBATE NOTICE.

In the District Court of the State of Nevada, County of Humboldt.

In the matter of the estate of William Kirchner, deceased.

Order appointing time for probate of will.

It is hereby ordered, that Saturday, the 2d day of April, 1887, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, at the Court-room of said Court, at the Court-house in the County of Humbolot, be, and the same is hereby appointed the time for proving the last will and testament of William Kirchner, deceased, and hearing the application of Minnie Kirchner for letters testamentary, and any person interested may appear and contest the said will, and may file objections in writing to the granting of letters testamentary to said petitioner.

A. T. GILSON, Clerk.

Winnemucca, March 22, 1887. 10d

RAILROAD FEED AND SALE STABLE.
UPPER WINNEMUCCA.

The most convenient and comfortable Stable in Winnemucca. The proprietors will spare no pains to give satisfaction to freighters and others who may favor them with their patronage. A good supply of the best

HAY AND GRAIN

To be found in the market.

HAVE ALWAYS ON HAND A REGULAR

JOBBING WAGON

Running to and from the Depot. All orders for hauling promptly attended to

In connection with the Stable we have complete stock of

LUMBER OF ALL KINDS,

Consisting in part of

Building and Fence Lumber, Posts, Shingles, Shakes, Doors, Window-Blinds, Pickets Mouldings, &c.

CUNNINGHAM BROTHERS, Proprietors.

s20-tf

FRENCH RESTAURANT
—AND—
SALOON.

D. LaFONTAINE..........PROPRIETOR.

The proprietor of the French Restaurant announces to his friends and the public generally that his tables will always be supplied with EVERYTHING THAT CAN BE PROCURED IN THE MARKETS,

And prepared by the best cooks in the country.

FRESH OYSTERS in all styles, cooked to order.

Every attention paid to the wishes of patrons.

THE FRENCH SALOON

Is stocked with the finest and choicest brands of

Wines, Liquors and Cigars,

And my friends are invited to call and sample the same.

ja15tf D. LaFONTAINE.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
WINNEMUCCA, NEVADA.

PAID IN CAPITAL....$50,000

L. A. BLAKESLEE..................PRESIDENT
F. D. SWEETSER............VICE PRESIDENT
GEO. S. NIXON..........................CASHIER

This Bank transacts a general Banking Exchange, Collection and Fire Insurance Agency business. Bills of Exchange for sale on the principal cities in Europe. Current accounts with individual firms and companies solicited. Loans made on personal security.

Three and one-half (3½) per cent. interest per annum paid on time deposits.

PRINCIPAL CORRESPONDENTS:

Crocker-Woolworth National Bank, San Francisco, Cala.; National Bank of the Republic, New York; First National Bank, Reno, Nevada.

Telegraphic transfers made through the above correspondents. o28-tf

SHERIFF'S SALE.

In the District Court of the Judicial District of Nevada, in and for Humboldt County.

Peter Swan, Plaintiff, vs. Nick Frayer, Wm. F. Todhunter and Charles Kemler, Defendants.

Notice is hereby given, that under and by virtue of the judgment and decree of said Court rendered in the above entitled cause on the 10th day of March, 1887, and under and by virtue of the order of sale in said judgment and decree contained, and in obedience to the commands and requirements of said judgment and decree, a certified copy whereof has been duly delivered to me, and placed in my hands for the purpose of causing to be sold, at Sheriff's sale, as commanded by said judgment and decree, the property hereinafter described and referred to, in satisfaction and payment of the costs, disbursements and commissions on such sale, of the costs of suit of the plaintiff, taxed at one hundred and five and 75-100 dollars (105 75).

Also, the principal sum, amounting to ($3,988 47) Three Thousand Nine Hundred Eighty-eight and 47-100 Dollars, with interest; all of said sums being, by the commands of said judgment and decree made payable in U. S gold coin, I am commanded to sell the property, lands, real estate, and singular the premises mentioned in said judgment, decree and order of sale, and particularly described as follows, to wit:

That certain mine and mining claim situated in Mount Rose Mining District, Humboldt county, state of Nevada, commonly known as and called the Live Yankee Mine and Mining Claim, particularly described as follows, to wit: Commencing at a point near the south center monument of the Bullion of Paradise Mine and Mining Claim, in said district, and running thence in a southeasterly direction 1,500 feet to stake marked "South Center, Lve Yankee Claim"; thence westerly 300 feet to stake marked "S. W. Corner, L. Y."; thence 1,500 feet to stake marked "N. W. C., L. Y."; thence 600 feet easterly to a stake marked "N. E. C., L. Y."; thence 1,500 feet southerly to a stake marked "S. E. C., L. Y."; thence 300 feet westerly to south center stake.

Public notice is hereby given, that on **Saturday, the 9th Day of April, 1887,** At 12 o'clock, noon, of that day, in front of the Courthouse, in the town of Winnemucca, Humboldt County, State of Nevada, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree, sell the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy plaintiff's judgment, with interest thereon and costs, by public auction, to the highest and best bidder, for cash.

F. M. FELLOWS,
Sheriff of Humboldt County, Nevada.

(Dated) Winnemucca, March 19, 1887.

After the Wedding.

All alone in my room at last!
 I wonder how far they have traveled now?
They'll be very far when the night is past,
 And so would I, if I knew but how.
How calm she was, with her saint-like face!
 Her eyes are violet—mine are blue.
How careless I am with my mother's lace!
 Her hands are whiter and softer, too.

They have gone to the city beyond the hills;
 They must never come back to this place again.
I'm almost afraid to sit here so still;
 I wish it would thunder and lightning and rain.
Oh, no! for some one may not be at rest;
 Some one, perhaps, is traveling to-night.
I hope that the moon may shine instead,
 And heaven be starry and earth all bright.

It is only one summer that she's been here;
 It has been my home for seventeen years!
And seventeen summers of happy bloom
 Fall dead to-night in a rain of tears.
It is dark, all dark in the midnight shades;
 Father in heaven, may I have rest?
One hour of rest for this aching head?
 For this throbbing heart in my weary breast?

I loved him more than she understands;
 For him I prayed for my soul in truth;
For him I am kneeling with lifted hands
 To lay at his feet my shattered youth.
I loved, and I love—I love him still—
 More than father, mother, or life—
My hope of hope was to bear his name,
 My heaven of heavens to be his wife!

His wife!—the name that angels breathe—
 The words shall not crimson my cheek with shame;
'Twould have been my glory that name to wreathe
 In the princely heart from whence it came;
And the kiss I gave to the bride to-night—
 His bride till life and light grow dim—
God only knows how I pressed her lips,
 That the kiss to her be given to him!

DOC.

A Simple Tale of Backwoods Life.

When Doc first came to live with us it was in the early spring. He was a pitiful-looking boy. He was a little, puffy-looking chap, with a pale face, small, bony arms, and short, weakly-looking legs, and rather sickly-looking, frizzled up, straw-colored hair on his head. There was no personal beauty about Doc's face and figure, and yet he was not unusually hard favored. He was commonplace. Only that and nothing more. Only a pea in a pod where a dozen peas of similar appearance reposed. Only a little wire-grass boy, with not one redeeming feature about him except his eyes. They were only remarkable for the pathetic expression that lingered there. What little light that ever flashed from them was of that sorrowful cast that one observes lingering on the western horizon after a day's rain has closed in a humid sunset.

Doc lost his mother. That was the tie that bound us to him. She was a commonplace wire-grass woman, but in her uncultured soul dwelt the same traits of maternal love and cherishing tenderness that are supposed to illumine the high-born souls of those grand dames whose white hands have never battled against a hard and evil fate for the simple necessities of prolonging existence. She had nourished and cherished her little boy, as only a fond mother can nourish and cherish a weak and fragile child. Ever on the watch, she had stood between him and all the wild streams of adversity that raged about their humble log cabin in the desolate barrens.

When she died Doc took it to heart to a greater extent than any of us thought possible. He had been such a puny, peevish, pettish sort of a boy that we thought that only his selfishness could suffer. We were mistaken. Doc was older than his age.

Well I remember how mother used to toast the crispest bits of brown cornbread, softened with the fresh, sweet butter, and how she used to put in a big lump of that brown mush sugar in his coffee, so as to induce the little fellow to eat.

"You know his ma is dead," she used to say, "and we must try to keep him from missing her in every way we can."

And we were learning. We were being taught the grandest lesson in human lore—the creed of unselfishness.

We could not get him to join us very often in any play. He was too weak. But when the afternoon sun shone through the rifts in the great pine forest he would creep out on the sunny side with us and we would adjust our sports to his strength. Sometimes he would look up from his play, and, with his eyes full of tears, he would exclaim: "My ma is dead! I can't never see her no more!" Then he would sob and moan as if his little heart would break, and I am not ashamed to say we would cry too. "Might not the good Lord take our dear mother, too?" we asked ourselves.

Ah! my sainted mother! Thy love-lighted brown eyes have been closed to earthly scenes for many summers. They closed your poor, toil-worn hands above your cold, still heart a long, long time ago, and the tall pines have shed from their drooping boughs the purest distilled dews of heaven above your lonely grave; and yet in my dreams I see that face often and again, and I never accomplish a good deed or am guilty of a bad one but what yours is the first name that flashes through my intellect. A man may have 10,000 friends, even two well-beloved wives, but never but one mother. Blessed be that holy name above all earthly treasures most sacred and longest cherished.

As the spring days grew warmer and the timid wood violets peeped forth on banks where the sun lingered longest, our protege grew more robust. There was even a faint tinge of blood in his pallid cheek after a short walk about the plantation.

Deeper green grew the woodlands. The rugged pines even touched themselves up with a few gay tufts of a softer tint, and from their queer blossoms fell showers of gold dust that covered the still surfaces of the water ponds. The trailing jasmine covered itself with golden bloom, and the honeysuckle and dogwood blossoms made the swamps and lowlands radiant with gay hues and redolent with delicate perfume. Birds sang among the bursting buds on the crab-apple tree, and the blue arch of heaven was gilded with the fine gold of the life-giving sunlight.

Our sports and pastimes would seem funny to you. We went fishing nights. It was only half a mile to the creek, and on a little bluff that overhung the dark waters we could build our camp-nres, and then cast our crude tackle in the gloomy eddies where the fire-light played in fitful waves of light and shadow. Doc did love to fish. We would dig in the trash heaps for muck-worms or skin the pine logs for sawyers, and then we would carry his tackle for him, and walk slow, and help him across the sloshes, and when he would catch a mudcat we would say it was a big, fine fellow.

Doc was not an unappreciative boy. He sang those queer, old-fashioned songs for us—songs which he had heard his mother sing. I have sat and listened to his "Barbara Allen" as the echoes ran riot among the caves and jungles, till the big owl returned the challenge with a mocking fit of insane laughter.

The old song comes back to me with the quaint rhythm as I write:

He sent his servant to the town,
 Where Barb'ry was a dwellin'.
Sayin' you must go to me own master
 Ef your name be Barb'ry Allen.

Then there was another stanza that was very affecting indeed:

And as she walked adown the street
 The bells they were a-tollin',
And every toll they seemed to say,
 Hard-hearted Barb'ry Allen.

I know the old song would not attune well to a parlor organ, and I doubt if you could play it on a grand piano. But there was a pathos of the thing that stirred my youthful soul to its depths.

Blue-eyed spring began to grow plump, and finally developed into the maturer charms of summer. Summer, with the drone of the bumble-bee at noon, and lazy Lawrence dancing on the worm fences. Summer time, sweet summer time! The peaches ripened and reddened, and the corn silks began to appear. Doc said if the first silk you saw was a red one you would be healthy and lucky the balance of the year. The first one he saw that summer was a red one.

And, O, the signs and sayings he taught us. He told us that if we saw the new moon in a clear sky it was lucky. He told us if we killed a toad our best cow would die. He told us that the knots in Old Beauty's mane when we went to feed her in the morning—Old Beauty was our horse—were caused by the witches who rode her the night before, and used these knots for stirrnps. Then he said when old Dominicker, my favorite hen, took a spell of crowing that—

"Whis'lin' women an' crokin' hens is apt to come to some bad end."

Sure enough, a blue darter hawk killed old Dominicker the very next Sunday.

Doc began to be stout and strong now. He looked on the faded jacket and little breeches he wore when he first came to our house in a sort of reminiscently pitying way, for his arms had grown more muscular, and his short legs had grown stouter, and Doc began to be a right good-looking boy, after all.

Autumn came with her sad eyes and sobbing winds. Autumn had a deeper significance than ever before, for there were portentous tidings wafted from afar on every breeze that wandered through the heavens. A big white comet blazed in the sky, and Doc said that meant war. Doc was a respectable-looking lad, indeed, now. He was 15 years old, but few would have believed it. His eyes still had that far-away expression in them. He was older than his years.

That was a winter long to be remembered. Gray uniforms were seen at the last yearly meeting, held in November, and the preachers at that meeting spoke words that sounded harshly in our untutored ears. Young women hummed warlike airs, and were eager to catch the latest refrain.

I remember how the crimson deepened on Cousin Sue's brown cheek when she rattled off:

Huzza! Huzza! for the bonnie blue flag so dear,
Huzza! for the sword and plume that Southern soldiers wear!

At the first frolic the fiddler wore a red feather in his hat and played "Dixie."

Men talked and women sang, and the warm blood ran riot in the Southern veins. "On to war," "O, Johnnie, aire you boun' to be a soldier?"

Your waist, it is too slender,
 Your hands, they are too small,
And your cheeks too red and rosy,
 To face a cannon ball—
And sing O—and sing O,
 Sure you will, my dear!

One wintry night the northern sky burst into a deep crimson, and we knew that the supernatural flame of aurora borealis was burning on the brow of heaven. Doc said that was the sign of war. Everything was the sign of war. We had noticed the ominous "W" on the back of the locusts in the early autumn. Captain Jack Rainey had muster every week, and the tramp, tramp, tramp of gathering squadrons shattered the slumberous depths of the barrens.

I knew that Doc had met Lucy Paxton at the frolic, and I knew that he had followed her every movement with a fascinated gaze. She was not grown up, but she was "most grown," they all said. She was 13 and the young men chose her for a partner when they played "all around the merry pole," and Doc sat and watched her.

These were stirring times. Men and women shattered the fetters of conventionality and grew from boys to men and from girls to women with marvelous rapidity.

At a candy-pulling Doc pulled candy with her. The way of it was that they all played "lonesome," and they needed one more to be the "lonesome one," and he was induced, much against his will, to join. His success emboldened him, and so the boy and the girl pulled candy, and both were so painfully conscious of their own youthfulness that they pulled in silence.

Lucy's brother John was nearly 18. He was a dutiful boy and his mother was a widow. He worked for her and for Lucy and they lived well.

Again spring gladdened the earth with her spirituelle beauty. But there was not as much boisterousness at the annual "log-rolling" as usual. In fact, there were very few log-rollings. Mothers and daughters and younger sons pulled the fallen trees together the best they could and burned them. Women in big sunbonnets, kept from flopping over their eyes by wooden "splits" inserted in the crown, grasped the plowhandles, while "tucking strings" girded about their waists kept the skirts from trailing in the [illegible]

Ah, they were made of superior mettle, these women of the barrens were.

That spring we had to work a great deal harder and had less time for fishing than before. Doc helped us. He was industrious, though still a weakling compared with other lads.

The first time I saw him twirl a strand of golden love vine over his head and cast it on the bushes I was amused. Doc told me that he had named it "Lucy Paxton," and if it grew he would know that she loved him, and if not he would be disappointed. He was getting too deep for our philosophy then.

A whole year rolled away, and on the next spring I saw that the love vine reappeared and grew on the bushes. Doc saw it too, and he was pleased—greatly pleased. He was not an ardent lover. He worshipped at a distance. The young fellows who came home on furloughs were very gallant and deferential toward Lucy. This must have worried Doc, but he never gave any sign.

Then came that call for men; that plucking of the very flower of Southern chivalry. O, remorseless war!

John Paxton was 18, and he must go to the war and leave his mother and Lucy to fight the harder battle at home. The "enrolling officer," that agent of war whose approach was dreaded so much, he told us that.

When he left Doc followed him out to the gate. After a short talk the officer departed after shaking Doc by the hand.

"I've learned somethin'," he said, with a radiant face, when he came back. "The enrolling officer says that John can stay at home if he can get a substitute. I'm gwine to be his substitute."

Of course John Paxton did not want to agree to the proposition. It looked unmanly for him to stay and send a little fellow like Doc. But the latter argued, "I ain't got nobody to keer for, an' if I git hurt nobody'll be the loser. You've got Mis' Paxton and—and—Lucy," he stammered, "an' you ought to stay an' make the crap. Besides, I want to git to be a big Gener'l some time, maybe, an' then I'll—I'll—well, I want to go, anyhow, an' I'm gwine as your substitute." And he went.

Poor little Doc! Friend and playmate of our childhood. His delicate form that had been so nourished and cherished by his doting mother—and our mother had loved him as one of her own—when they brought him home, wasted with privation and hardship, and the hectic fever burned on his cheeks, he looked very much like our little old Doc. It was springtime again then. There was a lull in the wild tempest of war. Bronzed and bearded our heroes came home. Bowed with defeat, tattered and torn, ragged veterans of a hundred battles. There were so many heroic deeds that the recital of daring achievements grew commonplace. They did not like to talk about it. Our Doc had been every inch a soldier. He had acquitted himself nobly. He was going to die, as so many stronger men had died, without a stain on his fair escutcheon. It was Lucy Paxton's hand that plucked the sweet bouquets which found their way to his feeble hands. It was her mother who sat with our mother and counted the pulse beats of our Doc as life was fading fast away.

One day he roused himself from his stupor, and with a light in his eyes I had never seen before, he asked me to go and see if the "love vine" had begun growing. I did as he requested, and found the golden threads entwined around the low gallberry bushes.

"Is it a-growing," he asked when I came in.

"Yes; it is running everywhere," I answered.

"I knowed it. That's a sure sign. I'm so glad——"

That was the last word he ever uttered.

Lucy Paxton is the noble wife of an honest farmer. She is a good woman, and she points out a little mound in the old graveyard to her children, when they go there meeting days, and they scrape away the green mold and the lichens, and spell out the letters on it, "D-O-C, Doc."—*M. M. Folsom in Atlanta Constitution.*

Napoleon's Legacy to France.

Between 1804 and 1815 he has had slaughtered more than 1,700,000 Frenchmen born within the boundaries of ancient France, to which must be added, probably, 2,000,000 of men born out of these limits, and all for him, under the title of allies, or slain on his account, under the title of enemies. All that the poor, enthusiastic, and credulous Gauls have gained by confiding their public welfare to him is two invasions; all that he bequeaths to them as a reward for their devotion, after this prodigous waste of their blood and the blood of others, is a France shorn of fifteen departments acquired by the public, deprived of Savoy, the left bank of the Rhine, and of Belgium, despoiled of the northeast angle by which it completed its boundaries, fortified its most vulnerable point, and, using the words of Vauban, "made the field square;" losing four millions of new Frenchmen which it had assimilated after twenty years of life in common; and, worse still, thrown back within the frontiers of 1789, alone diminished in the midst of its aggrandized neighbors, suspected by all Europe, and lastingly surrounded by a threatening circle of distrust and rancor.—*H. Taine, in New Princeton Review.*

Gladstone's Physical Strength.

To return a moment to Mr. Gladstone. A medical gentleman who knows him very well—professionally, too, if I am not mistaken—tells me that he is still one of the strongest men physically in the whole gentry of England. It is a marvelous thing to see him stripped to the waist, so superb is his frame, so notable is the absence of an ounce of superflous flesh on the hard sinews and muscles. My informant added that, in his belief, there was scarcely a man in the House, young or old, whom Gladstone could not whip with his fists if he tried. This is an interesting illustration of the value of exercise which Americans would do well to ponder.—*London Letter.*

MISSING LINKS.

Eight thousand people are fed daily by one New York restaurant.

It is exactly 107 years since the first Sunday newspaper was published.

Sidney Woollett, the elocutionist, is said to have memorized more than three hundred thousand verses of poetry.

Baron Nordenskjold, the explorer, is meditating a Swedish Antarctic expedition with the assistance of King Oscar.

Henry Richner, of Vail, Iowa, weigs 270 pounds, is seven feet four and three-fourths inches high, and is only twenty-two years old.

In 1866 20,000 barrels of rice were raised in this country, and in 1886 425,000 barrels. South Carolina produces more than any other state.

Millionaire Corcoran, who does more for Washington than all the other millionaires lumped together, pays taxes on $9,100,000 worth of property.

There is more or less money in English politics for some people, Mr. Schnadhorst having just been presented with £10,000 in recognition of his services to the Liberal party.

Mrs. Magnusson, the Icelandic lady who is now lecturing in England on the habits and home-life of her compatriots, claims that Leit Eriksson was the real discoverer of America.

The normal weight of the fashionable dinner or reception dress is from thirty to forty-nine pounds, while the tailor-made dress varies from ten to nineteen pounds. And yet woman is called the weaker vessel.

The Montana *Wool Grower* estimates that there will be nearly a million sheep sheared in that territory this year, producing at least 8,000,000 pounds of wool—1,000,000 pounds more than the product in 1886.

Gen. Charles P. Stone, the gallant Union officer and the engineer under whose supervision the Bartholdi statue was erected, who died recently in New York, left his family in straitened circumstances, and an appeal is made to the public in their behalf.

Some of the dealers in fish in Washington market, New York city, have bottles of cod-liver oil suspended in front of their stalls, and generally underneath in a tank a big live cod "gasping in horror, as if at the sight of the essence of some ancestor's liver."

Experiments having shown that guns have once more triumphed over armor, the governments of England, France, and Russia are actively laying in a supply of steel profectiles, of which great quantities have been ordered. Steel projectiles will pierce the thickest armor afloat.

Referring to the addition of bathrooms to the luxuries of railroad travel, the Buffalo *Commercial* commends the improvement, but thinks "it might be very awkward, though, for a man in a collision or the upsetting of a car to be caught in the usual bath-tub undress."

The Duke of Argyle, father of the Marquis of Lorne and Lord Colin Campbell, is a small man, with a big head and the face of a mud-carter. He has a mass of bushy white hair, his shirt is always frayed at the collar, he invariably wears a rusty frock coat, and trousers five inches too short.

In a book called "Courts of Europe," recently published in Berlin, the author says that it is the Marquis of Lorne who flirts and not Louise. The story hitherto told presents the opposite view. The Berlin writer says Louise is consumed with jealousy because of Lorne's attentions to other ladies.

James Blaikie, of St. Paul, has a very fine cat's-eye stone which was once the property of George II. of England. The ring came into the possession of Blaikie's family by legal process, together with a star and garter set with the same stones, and at one time the property of the English monarch.

The famous Irish steeple-chaser Liberator, who won the Grand National in 1879, and who has started in the same race nearly every year since then, is now doing farm work. When geldings become unfit for racing their fall is a great one. In this country Checkmate, once a great racer, is used as one of an omnibus team, and Parole, the hero of two continents, is used as a saddle-horse.

Dan Rice, the once celebrated clown, who made and lost several large fortunes in the circus ring, now lives in Cincinnati, old and poor, and dependent on the charity of friends for a living. Rice's first appearance in public was as a pugilist, and in 1828 the Pennsylvania Legislature adjourned to witness a boxing contest between George Kensett and Dan Rice.

Cocoanut-growers say that each tree in a grove produces one nut a day, or 365 in one year. Owing to the great height of the trees it is impossible to pick the nuts, and they are allowed to hang till they fall. The natives gather them up and carry them to the husking-machines, where the nuts are stripped of their thick outside shells. A nut is most delicious just after it has dropped from the trees.

In renting houses at San Francisco, Cal., the rent charged is according to the number of rooms. Brokers say that a room should rent at $5 and $6 per month. Thus a five room house should be $25 or $30, besides the value of bath-room and closet. Architects figure in the same way. They will contract to build a house for $400 a room. This, of course, is for cheap houses. The rage for French flats in the city is abating.

Henry Ray, of Gilmer, Tex., has discovered the secret of the quail's being able to hide so well. He was walking in a field when a covey of birds was flushed. One alighted near him, and the moment it did so seized a dead oak leaf, crouched to the ground, and threw the leaf over its back, so that it was hidden completely from view. Mr. Ray said that he had to go and turn over the leaf before he could believe the evidence of his own eyes.

The Staunton, Va., *Vindicator* relates the case of a citizen of that place named Joshua Stover, who was recently sent to the penitentiary for six years by the Staunton hustlings court "for stealing a hot flat-iron from off a stove." It adds: "There would seem to be something radically wrong in a law that demands one-fifth of the average lifetime of a man for the larceny of a trifle, for which a boy would get off with a switching."

Mme. Caroline Popp has just completed her fiftieth year as editress of the chief Liberal paper in Flanders—the *Journal de Bruges*. She entered upon her office the 4th of April, 1837, and has remained at the post (not without many difficulties) for the last fifty years. Thus her editorship is only seven years younger than the independence of Belgium as a State. Mme. Popp has earned some distinction in her native land as a novelist and story-teller. Her "Nathalie" and her "Legends and Tales of Flanders" have been translated into German.

The South Australian *Register's* returns in connection with the wheat harvest in that colony show that the net increase of cultivated land is 20,000 acres, the total area being 1,097,000 acres, yielding 10,835,000 bushels, or 5 bushels 31 pounds per acre. After deducting 2,000,000 bushels for seed and 1,732,500 bushels for food the surplus for export is estimated at 7,103,500 bushels, or 190,000 shipping tons. This is 115,000 tons more than last year's exports, but 130,000 tons less than in 1885. The two last seasons together did not yield as much as in 1884 and 1885 by 50,000 tons. If each of the last two seasons had been equal to those of 1884 and 1885 the colony would have been richer by £4,500,000.

Where Irving is Buried.

From a paper by Clarence Cook, accompanied by a protrait, in the *Century*, we quote as follows: "I confess I heard not without a secret pleasure that the relic-hunters so chip and hammer the stone that marks Irving's grave as to make its frequent renewal necessary. It did not seem to me a grievous wrong, nor in any true sense a profanation of the grave, but rather a testimony to the lovableness of Irving's character, and an evidence of the wide extent of his fame, that, from filling the circle of the educated and refined among his countrymen, has now come to include that lower stratum of our common humanity which has only instinctive and, so to speak, mechanical ways of expressing its feelings.

"It would not have been easy to find a place more in harmony with the associations that gather about Irving's name as a writer than the spot in which he is buried. Even to-day, with all the changes that have been brought about by the growth of the neighboring settlement, the spirit of peace and quiet that used to brood over the region hovers there undisturbed. Irving's own words, in the 'Legend of Sleepy Hollow,' describing the grave-yard, the old church, and the stream that plays about its feet, reflect with the faithfulness of a mirror the scene as we behold it to-day.

"Here is the church, a small building with rough sides of the country-stone, surmounted by a picturesque roof, and with an open bell-turret over which still veers the vane pierced with the initials of the Vrederick Felypsen who built the church and endowed it in 1699. In our rambles about the grave-yard we used to find the bricks of light-colored clay, brought from Holland, and of which, so tradition said, the church had been originally built, or which had, at any rate, been largely used in its construction.

"The church was seldom used, except in the summer-time. On communion Sundays the handsome seventeenth-century Jacobean table of oak brought from Holland, where plenty like it may still be found, was set out, as it is to-day, with the plain vessels of silver 'presented by Queen Anne,' as the formula goes, that used to please my childish taste for things that had about them the flavor of old days.

"The same budding taste for antiquities led me and some of my schoolmates to the old grave-yard, where we hunted up the oldest tombstones, scraping off the moss and lichens to decipher the names and dates, and enjoying many a laugh over their carved ornaments, scrolls, and cockle-shells, and sturdy, dew-lapped, Dutch cherubs, with their stumpy little wings scored like checker-boards for plumage. Many of these grave-stones were said to have been imported from Holland by the early settlers, like the bricks of which the church was built, the table in the church, and much of the furniture to be found in the farm-houses of the country-side, chairs and tables, cupboards, and even looking-glasses. The carvings, memorial verses, and scripture-texts upon these tombstones were cut by the more skilful workmen over-seas, and the names and dates were filled in here at home as occasion called."

A curious relic was discovered a few days ago near Phœnix, Arizona, by a farmer while digging a well on his ranch. At about nine feet below the surface he came upon the skeleton of a man, the bones of which, however, fell to pieces when he attempted to move them. He has no doubt that this prehistoric citizen was a giant, as the thigh bones were nearly four feet long and the feet were more extensive than those of the proverbial St. Louis girl. Under the body was a large and heavy war club, made from mesquite or iron wood, and this was in a state of perfect preservation. It is now on exhibition.

A foreign scientific paper gives the following method of making artificial whetstones: Gelatine of good quality is dissolved in its own weight of water, the operation being conducted in a dark room. To the solution 1½ per cent. of bichromate of potash is added, which has been previously dissolved in a little water. A quantity of very fine emery, equal to nine times the weight of the gelatine, is intimately mixed with the gelatine solution. Pulverized flint may be substituted for emery. The mass is moulded into any desired shape, and is then consolidated by heavy pressure. It is dried by exposure to strong sunlight for several hours.

A Congressman Abroad.

I heard a good story to-day about an ex-congressman from New Jersey who recently made a tour through Europe with a party of friends. When he got to Paris he sought out the American legation and burst in on the secretary in charge at the time, in a towering rage.

He complained to the secretary in very violent language that he had been robbed by the railway officials. They had refused to let him or his party out at the depot when they arrived in Paris, without the payment of a very considerable number of francs. He thought it an outrage that a distinguished American or his friends could not travel through France without paying tribute to brigands. He wanted the secretary of the legation to write at once to the president of the railway demanding the instant return of the money he had been unwarrantably compelled to pay.

"Tell him who I am," he said, "and he'll come down promptly with the ducats—francs, I mean."

Then the secretary, first soothing him with sympathetic expressions, drew from him some facts which he had omitted to state.

Yes, he had surrendered his railway ticket. His friends had surrendered theirs.

And yes, he had received a small piece of green paper in exchange.

Yes, it had some printing on it, but it was French nonsense of some sort—gibberish; he couldn't make head or tail of it.

"What did you do with it?" asked the secretary.

"Why, I threw it out of the window," he replied. "I didn't want it; some French trash, anyway. Then, when I got to Paris, and we started to walk out of the depot, just as we do at home, by George! they stopped us, and wouldn't let us go out because we didn't have that infernal piece of green paper.

"It took me half an hour to find out what they wanted, for none of them could speak English, and I couldn't understand their gibberish. But I finally made out that they wanted that piece of paper or the money I told you about. I saw there was no other way out, so I handed over the money."

The secretary understood it all then. He told the distinguished son of New Jersey that he would make the required demand upon the railway company at once, and so sent him happily to his hotel.

Then he sat down and made the best story he could out of it, in a letter to the president of the railway.

The latter replied in a politely sarcastic note, inclosing the money in question, expressing his regret at the occurrence, and winding up with an expression of his sympathy with the constituency represented in the American congress by such a man as the statesman from New Jersey.

The secretary of legation, of course, returned the money with the expression of regret, but not with the expression of sympathy.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Who Said Them?

Who wrote the letters of Junius? It is generally conceded that Sir Philip Francis did, but there is no certainty about it. It has been well said, however, that the time spent in trying to find out who Junius was would be better expended in learning to write as well as Junius wrote.

"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" was long believed to be from the scriptures. But Sterne wrote it in his "Sentimental Journey."

This is the time when these questions come up like Banquo's ghost ("Macbeth," scene 2, act III.), and will not "down" until traced to their proper lineage.

A correspondent asks: "Who originated the phrase, 'Pouring oil on the troubled waters.'" That discussion came up here in Detroit some five years ago. A lady riding in a Cass avenue horse-car asked another lady if she knew. Then a gentleman offered to write to a friend of his, a fellow of Edinburgh college, and, taking the address of the lady, he gave his own. In the course of some months the letter came, and Dr. Samuel Leggett copied this part of it into his Webster's Dictionary of quotations, where it is recorded in his fine, scholarly handwriting:

"The venerable Bede says: 'A priest called Utta was sent into Kent to fetch Lanplede, King Edwine's daughter, who was married to King Oswin, A. D. 617. Before his departure Utta visited Bishop Sida and besought his prayers for a prosperous journey. The bishop blessed him and gave him a pot of oil, saying: "Remember that you cast into the sea this oyle that I will give you, and the wind being laid comfortable fayre weather shall ensue on the sea."'"

This has nothing to do with that familiar phrase burning the midnight oil.

Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?

This couplet was written by Gay and used by many of the English bards.

There is another popular quotation which has been run to the ground recently:

Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

This was written by the poet Gray in a poem on Eton college.

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war," is a popular misquotation from "When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war," written by N. Lee, who died in 1692.

The majority of readers will insist that "cleanliness is next to godliness" is in the bible, but it is not. John Wesley said in this wise: "Certainly this is a duty, not a sin; cleanliness is, indeed, next to godliness." From whom did he quote?—*Detroit Free Press.*

Whale extract is recommended as an economical substitute for beef extract. A whale weighing 200 tons yields 5,000 pounds of extract. Every pound of extract means a hundred pints of soup. It has not the slightest oily or fishy taste.